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Can They Escape De Gaulle?

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Which Target for the Sixth Fleet?

DE GAULLE'S theatrical return to the French political stage has provoked hostility and fear in France. But another Republic is watching his moves with growing anxiety, and for quite different reasons. Since the war, America has found the Fourth Republic a heavy cross to bear; her complaints about 'The Sick Old Lady of the Seine' have, in private at least, been loud and numerous—the perpetual Cabinet crises, the failure to erode the massive Communist vote by 'enlightened capitalism', the endless clamour for dollars to be poured into hopeless and embarrassing colonial adventures, the progressive reduction in France's Nato contribution. But, despite all these, France has, on the whole, continued to march to Washington's tune. A long succession of premiers have, somehow or other, managed to hold the western fort in Paris and persuade France to accept her allotted role in America's grand design for Europe: the creation, behind the Nato rampart, of a prosperous, integrated economic federation, ruled by 'centre' democratic regimes. There have been failures—such as EDC—but the scheme has still moved slowly forward, carrying France with it.

Now De Gaulle's tall shadow has placed all in jeopardy. His vision of *la France seule*, occupying by historic right an independent pedestal on the world scene, is in direct conflict with the concept of a western pyramid under the Washington apex. De Gaulle has made no secret of his desire to re-create the old European balance by restoring the pragmatic alliance with Russia; nor has a decade of Cold War in any way mitigated his view that the real enemy lies immediately across the Rhine. At every stage, his followers have bitterly resisted the building of Little Europe: the Coal-Steel Pool, the Common Market, the Saar agreement, EDC—they voted against them all. Soustelle, who could well emerge as the dominant figure in a De Gaulle regime, overthrew the Gaillard government in a blaze of anti-American emotion. Should De Gaulle return, France can be expected to exploit to the full the opportunities for blackmail which her geographical position confers.

Nor is this the chief danger to American interests. As the geo-political pattern has changed, as the relative importance of Europe has declined and new nations in Asia and Africa have entered the strategic equation, so America has been forced to modify her traditional view of the indispensability of the nations of western Europe, and balance their claims against new, and often conflicting ones, from the liberated coloured peoples. Suez was a sign of the new scale of values in Washington; the Good Offices report carried the reappraisal a stage further. Is Paris worth a Bourguiba? this journal asked some months ago. America has not yet been forced to answer the question, and naturally she will seek to delay the moment of choice, if possible indefinitely: for, if new Cold War frontiers are opening in Asia and Africa, the old one remains in Europe, as vital as ever. The real danger of De Gaulle is that he may oblige America to make an immediate and decisive choice: for the wild men in Algiers, with whom he is now associated, have made it clear that they cannot defeat the Algerian rebels without reconquering Tunisia.

America, moreover, cannot afford to view the peril to Tunisia in isolation. Tunisia is much more than a small country whose independence is in jeopardy: it is becoming a major western asset in the struggle for the allegiance of the Arab world. The Eisenhower Doctrine has manifestly failed to arrest the rise of Nasser; and in the Lebanon, America's ally Chamoun is fighting a desperate rearguard action. Mr Dulles has made it clear that America will, if necessary, intervene there. But he must be aware of the hostility this would arouse throughout the Arab world. Could he compensate for it by coming also to Bourguiba's aid? The temptation is clearly there. It is made all the stronger by the fact that Bourguiba is the only man who could be made into an effective counterpoise to Nasser. Bourguiba as President of Tunisia is virtually impotent; as leader of a North African federation, he automatically becomes a great force in the Afro-Asian world. The elements already exist. The obstacle remains: France. This week-end, the logic of American world policy suggests that the Sixth Fleet may be prepared to intervene at either end of the Mediterranean—or both.

UNIVERSITY

Comments on the Week's News

The Tell-tale Chink of Light

The chink of light for which Mr Macleod professed to be waiting before he would intervene in the London bus dispute appeared almost embarrassingly last week when the Cabinet chipped a hole in its wage-freeze policy big enough for Sir Brian Robertson and the railway unions to slip through. True enough, the condition of passage was that a wage increase must be financed by corresponding economies. But the immediate consequence is that the 3 per cent. granted to the main-line railwaymen was passed on this week, in accordance with custom, to the London Transport Underground staffs. London Transport is talking optimistically – and with studied vagueness – about the possibility of effecting economies by truncating the Underground services. But it will be impossible to carry this very far without impairing the essential facilities on which the working life of London depends. It is doubtful if British Railways can in the foreseeable future meet their commitment out of internal economies; it is certain that the London Underground, which already runs at a loss, cannot. Nor can the consequential increases which are now almost certain to go to the London Transport maintenance staffs be found this way. So the absurd position is reached where the London busmen – striking to support a wage claim which is intrinsically reasonable, but which is denied them by government policy – will have to finance, out of the profits they earn for London Transport, wage increases which are no more reasonable than their own demand, but which it has suited the government to concede. It was against that background that Sir John Elliot and Mr Cousins went to the Ministry of Labour for their exploratory talks.

The Lisbon Atrocities

Salazar is now a frightened man: this is the main political conclusion to be drawn from the scenes of violence which took place in Lisbon last week-end. General Delgado, the chief opposition candidate for the presidential election on 8 June, is rapidly emerging as the greatest challenge to the regime since it seized power in 1928. He is well liked by the Americans (he served in Washington as Air Attaché and permanent delegate to the Nato military committee). He is popular in the armed services, particularly among the junior officers, who detest Santos Costa, Salazar's ex-Nazi Defence Minister. He has a silent ally in President Gomez (whom Salazar has not allowed to stand for re-election), a fellow air-force general. He may even have the well-wishes of the Church, anxiously looking around, as in Spain, for a possible Christian Democratic succession to the regime. Every Portuguese bishop has been individually summoned to Rome in recent months, and Delgado, a practising Catholic, has not been slow to take the hint: throughout his campaign he has been careful to send telegrams of greeting to the local prelates. The evidence of his mounting support among the Establishment reached a climax in Oporto; and it was this which led the authorities to take drastic action when Delgado switched his campaign to Lisbon. Salazar's chief mouthpiece in this country, *The Times*, has tried to cast an obscure veil over the origins of the riots. In fact, from numerous eye-witness accounts which have reached this office, they are quite obvious. The numbers and orderly behaviour of Delgado's supporters were clearly impressing Portuguese middle-of-the-road opinion: Salazar's tactics – he used them before in 1945 – were, therefore, to provoke violence, and thus present Delgado as a demagogue and his challenge to the regime as an invitation to chaos. Groups of armed *agents-provocateurs* were stationed in the crowd awaiting Delgado's arrival at the railway station; and when they went into action the police immediately opened fire. Lisbon is now massively invested with troops: but Salazar may be forging a two-edged weapon. Violence is contagious; Salazar, by invoking it, may provoke a response. It is a sign of the regime's fear that Santos Costa has found it necessary to publish a list of 350 officers who, he claims, have pledged themselves to vote for the official candidate.

Abortion Law Reform

The case of Dr Louis Newton, sentenced on Monday at the Old Bailey to five years' imprisonment for abortion, may or may not be a good one for the law reform movement to take up. It must for the moment be assumed that Dr Newton will appeal, both against his conviction and against an unexpectedly severe sentence. But one thing the case has done is to reaffirm the law as it was stated 20 years ago by Mr Justice MacNaghten in *R. v. Bourne:* 'If pregnancy is likely to make the woman a physical or mental wreck, the jury is entitled to take the view that a doctor who, in these circumstances, and led by his belief, operates, is operating for the purpose of preserving the life of the woman'. It was thus that Mr Bourne's case established that therapeutic abortion could be lawful if done to save life – and that 'life' meant something to be lived, not merely the avoidance of imminent death. It is known that Mr Justice MacNaghten had consulted other King's Bench judges before he so stated the law. But because it led to an acquittal, his ruling never came to be considered by the Court of Criminal Appeal. Mr Justice Ashworth's charge to the jury in this new case, which took the same line, may now be considered on appeal, and the law will have taken a further step forward – or backward. What cannot be tolerated much longer is the uncertainty still surrounding so vital a branch of the criminal law, which, in the case of the Harley Street man no less than in that of the 'back-street abortionist', leads to a sporadic and seemingly capricious policy of enforcement.

The Life Offices Get to Work

Last week the Life Offices Association made yet another unsubtle attempt to damp down any plans for a national superannuation scheme, whether from the Labour Party or from the government. Its argument is that the state should in principle provide only for basic needs, which seems to mean something roughly equivalent to national assistance rates; but, apparently as a concession to current opinion, some slight grading of pensions might be allowed. The rest should be left to provide initiative aided by further tax concessions. At a press conference the chairman of the Association, Mr J. H. Kitton, said that he envisaged a state pension for a married couple ranging from the present rate of £4 a week to £5 10s. 0d. according to past earnings (the single person's pension would presumably range from £2 10s. to £3 10s.). Contributions into this scheme should not be put into a fund. After all that has been said about the respectability of pension funding, the proposal is significant. The Life Offices seem prepared to go to almost any lengths to preserve the glittering financial prizes of occupational pension schemes. A thorough examination of the provisions and benefits of these schemes, and of actuarial principles and methods, is required, if the public is to understand the issues involved. This must be much more rigorous, objective and informative than the lame report by the Government Actuary just published. The real benefits, such as the tax reliefs and lump sums enjoyed by some salaried groups (especially those in Top Hat schemes), and the sharp contrast between schemes for manual workers (where they exist) and those for salaried staff have yet to be properly exposed and understood.

Abdicating Responsibility

The main issue which has arisen over the report on Chaguaramas is the attitude of the British government rather than the contents of the report itself. The commission, under Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, which has been investigating whether this Trinidad site should remain as an American base or be used as the capital of the new West Indian Federation, found that for mainly strategic reasons it should remain with the American military authorities. The commission has done its work thoroughly and sensibly, pointing out that to develop similar military facilities on an alternative site would cost between £47 million and £88½ million. The considerations brought out in the report would have formed a suitable basis for a round-table conference between the British, American and West Indian governments, which could then have discussed the best solution for the central problem of finding a suitable capital for the West Indies. Instead of proposing such a course, however, at the same time as the report was published, the British government unilaterally declared that it would not ask the United States to move the naval base from Chaguaramas. This tactless and untimely announcement has naturally angered West Indians, Mr Manley describing it as 'an insult and outrage to the peoples of the West Indies and the federal government'. It is on a par with the miserly grant of £1 million for the building of the federal capital. The impression is being created that, as we no longer need the West Indies, we have little interest in their future welfare. This is surely the way to antagonise a friendly colonial people. After all, the base was leased to the United States by an act of a British government without any consultation with the West Indians. Not unnaturally, their pride is affronted when they are brusquely told now that the present British government will do nothing to assist them to recover the use of their own land.

NEXT WEEK

Thoughts on Censorship
by C. H. Rolph

Big Brother
V. S. Pritchett *on Stanislaus and James Joyce*

News from Our Own Correspondents

Rangoon

AFPFL Splits

A Correspondent writes: The Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, the united front which Aung San led to national freedom, has now split into two irreconcilable factions. Only a year ago the AFPFL was shouting that it was there for 40 years.

There were divergent elements in the League from the start: the Communists who were expelled in October 1946, and who have been in rebellion since independence; the extreme-left Socialists, who broke away in 1950 over the Korean war issue to set up the Burma Workers and Peasants Party; the Muslim Congress, a religious organisation, and therefore an incongruity in the League, which was asked to withdraw only in 1956; the All-Burma Peasants Organisation and the Federation of Trade Organisations, which are committed to Marxism undiluted; the Socialist Party which has never organised zealously, allowing itself, in the words of its leader Ba Swe, to be 'submerged' in the Front. There was U Nu, the president, and a few 'independents', mostly his loyal friends. All pulled in different directions.

There were personal jealousies, too. U Nu had casually named Ba Swe, Kyaw Nyein, and Thakin Tin as his prospective successors, and made them all deputy premiers. But only one at a time can be prime minister, and the question of succession sharpened the disputes. The third AFPFL congress held in January this year was expected by many observers to turn out to be the forum of the big showdown. There were emotional scenes at intimate meetings before the congress, old comrades flung angry accusations at each other, and Ba Swe—who has the appearance of the strong, silent man—wept. But in the end a truce was made. U Nu proclaimed that the AFPFL rejected Marxism and accepted 'democratic Socialism' as its ideology, and that it was a party, not a front.

The rejection of Marxism hit the ABPO and the FTO, and the announcement that the AFPFL was a party hit the Socialist Party, which could no longer nicely remain submerged as a party within a party. U Nu announced early this month that the AFPFL was no longer one, and that he himself was going to side with the faction led by Thakin Tin and Thakin Kyaw Dun, the ABPO and the FTO. Ba Swe, Kyaw Nyein, Thakin Tha Khin and others thereby become the other faction. Which of the two will form the government will be decided by a special session of the Chamber of Deputies meeting on 5 June. U Nu has generously allowed his opponents to remain in the government till that fateful meeting, so that they may, he said, work against him from positions of power. The National United Front, with its Communist elements and its 45 votes in the Chamber, has announced its decision to support U Nu, and this support may be decisive, though it is also an embarrassment for U Nu. The frontier-area members, however, show a leaning towards the Ba Swe-Kyaw Nyein group which has superior quality collectively. U Nu's somewhat casual decision to ride with one faction, instead of calling a full-dress council and throwing the vital question open to debate, will certainly cost him some valuable votes. Whoever wins on 5 June, this is the end of the AFPFL era. Good and ill alike will flow from the split. Democracy will be more alert in the future, and parliament will no longer be a formality. But governments will tend to be weak and short-lived. Democracy, in fact, may become both more active and more corrupt.

Westminster

Craft and Statesmanship

Mr James Callaghan has an unusual aptitude for mastering and expounding a case. This can be a handicap; for if a man really gets to know a subject, and goes on about it, his colleagues treat him as rather a bore—witness Colonel George Wigg, who probably now knows more about defence matters than anyone in the House and consequently persuades too few to listen to him.

But this has not been Callaghan's fate, partly because he has not stayed long enough with any one subject. For a time he was an admirable spokesman on the navy. Subsequently he became an even more admirable spokesman on transport. Latterly he has been the spokesman on colonies. But through the changes, one subject—the art of politics—has had his consistent attention, which perhaps explains why this week he seemed able to convince his backbenchers that (a) there had been no consultation, still less a deal, between government and opposition on the latest proposals for a settlement in Cyprus, and that (b) the opposition had been consulted about these proposals and thought they ought to be supported. As a result the Parliamentary Labour Party was induced not to press for a debate this week.

This was a considerable feat, for Labour feelings about the Conservative handling of Cyprus are bitter. Few have forgotten that the trouble began when Sir Winston Churchill, to cover his retreat from the Canal Zone and purely as a sop to his own anti-scuttle backbenchers, decided to establish a base there. Few have forgotten the Harding regime which inevitably followed this decision. Not everyone may know that the chance of acceptance for the original Foot plan was lost while the Cabinet settled its 'little local differences' with Mr Peter Thorneycroft; but those who do know this are still angry.

During the past few months anger deepened—not against Mr Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, whose efforts throughout appear to have been praiseworthy, but against the wall of Cabinet procrastination and Tory backbench obduracy with which Lennox-Boyd was thought to be contending. Demands for a debate before the Whitsun recess were becoming insistent; yet immediately after Lennox-Boyd's statement on Monday, and before he had gone through the motions of consulting his party, Callaghan was able to snuff out these demands without leaving even a trace of smoke.

What appears to have happened behind the scenes is this. Sir Hugh Foot brought yet another plan back to London. It called for a period (some say of as much as 15 years) of self government in Cyprus, within the Commonwealth and with certain safeguards for the Turkish minority. It did not mention either *Enosis* or partition. These questions were to be left open. The plan was to be put to the governments of Greece and Turkey and, if accepted by them, was to be offered to the islanders on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. 'Leaving it' was to mean direct government by the Governor backed by armed force.

The plan was somewhat amended by the Cabinet; but then a difficulty arose. Sir Hugh declared that the plan had no chance of acceptance unless he could say that it was supported by the Labour Party as well as by the government; but, because of Labour backbench feeling, Labour leaders could not let it be known that they were having some direct dealings with ministers. This difficulty was neatly solved by using Sir Hugh as a go-between. He informed the opposition about his plan and appears to have been satisfied with his reception. He reported back to the government, the British ambassadors in Greece and Turkey were briefed and the machinery for putting over the plan was switched on.

So it appears that a plan for the settlement of Cyprus—on which the Cypriots have not been and will not be consulted—is now going forward with the tacit backing of the Labour Party—which has not been consulted either. This is an interesting sidelight on political craft and on the bizarreness of democracy. But some Labour members were left wondering whether in fact it was statesmanship. Fully admitting the great difficulties of achieving agreement on the spot, they urge that a more co-operative spirit has been shown recently by Makarios and that it would be wise not to wait until after an agreement between governments before, as Lennox-Boyd put it, giving the Cypriots 'advance information'. Already there is considerable criticism because the Labour leaders do not appear to have stood out for Cypriot consultation. Further, one of the assets which a Labour government could have possessed is the Cypriot goodwill which, hitherto, the party has retained. Under-the-counter acceptance of bi-partisanship could throw this asset away.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Tot Homines

Anyone who believes that newspapers, drawing on those special sources of official and semi-official information they are often believed to possess, are likely to reach roughly the same conclusion about the significance of important public events has been in for a shock this week. There have been as many different interpretations of De Gaulle's position as there have been newspapers—or as you might perhaps expect to find among any half-dozen people in a first-class railway carriage on a City train.

'Voice of a Dictator', roared the *Herald* on Tuesday. 'The ugly reality of De Gaulle's bid for dictatorship stares everyone in the face.' Not quite everyone. 'General De Gaulle's statement is not particularly helpful. But he has damped one fuse—the fear that he might let himself be used in an attempt to take over the government by force,' said the *Manchester Guardian*: 'He has no desire to turn dictator'. The *Herald*, in fact, was almost alone in plumping for a dictatorship threat—except, of course, for the *Daily Worker*, which had made up its mind long before De Gaulle actually spoke. There were, however, a considerable number of shades of interpretation as to what exactly it all meant. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, he had projected an image of himself 'statesmanlike, aloof but conciliatory, reasonable', which could not fail 'to have made a deep impression'. 'Not even Baldwin himself', it observed, 'could have contrived a more impressive or a more telling anti-climax'. It was not Baldwin, however, but Churchill of whom the *Mail* was reminded: 'A dignified offering of his services

from the man who was right once before, who has since given warnings of what might befall, and who is right again,' it declared: 'It is like Churchill in a way'. But the *Mail's* frisky stable companion, the *Daily Sketch*, headlined its treatment of the same occasion 'General de Flop'.

The *News Chronicle* considered the General ambiguous but constitutional. 'Nobody', it said, 'doubts his sincerity. It is the fact that his loudest support comes from the extreme reactionaries that make him so suspect'. The *Telegraph's* view that De Gaulle's utterance had brought quiet and reason into French affairs was far from being shared by *The Times*. 'The first effects of General De Gaulle's declaration', in its view, 'must be to deepen the crisis of the regime in France and to widen the rift between the Pflimlin government and the usurping authorities in Algeria'. And it concluded pointedly: 'It is odd that the man who seeks power by legal methods should begin by warmly blessing an insurgent act'.

Leaving aside opinion for news, Fleet Street has been watching with a certain fascinated amusement the *Daily Express's* attempt to prove itself the greatest newspaper in the world – the paper that 'gets the big news'. On Saturday last it held its readers spellbound – or so one presumes – with a graphic story of how it had left all other papers standing by getting its chief European correspondent, Sydney Smith, into Algeria, 'the first British journalist to enter that strife-torn country since the trouble began and the borders were closed'. This they were told was the 'culmination of five days of tremendous effort by the *Daily Express* Foreign Service' – an effort which had, it appeared, embraced at least four other of its top stars, including its crime reporter who had been torn from a holiday in Majorca. The only thing, in fact, that the *Express* intelligence service seems not to have known was that the *Daily Telegraph* had already sent a correspondent there several days before. He got there by the simple expedient of getting up early to catch a plane as soon as the first signs of trouble began.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Crisis of France in Africa

Can They Escape De Gaulle?

FOR a whole week, France has lived in a sort of calm nightmare. Radio announcers and huge headlines have trumpeted about the mortal peril which faces the Republic. In café conversations the first remark is: 'Well, is it to be civil war? Can the regime carry on? Or is it to be De Gaulle?' – spoken in the tone of a man running his eye over the list of runners in the 3.30. But meanwhile, even the keenest observers have been unable to detect the least sign of coming revolution or fratricidal struggle. The sun shines on the boulevards, café terraces are packed, there are long queues outside the cinemas. Even the riot police and the Republican Guards massed around the ministries and the Assembly, or tearing across the city, sirens screaming, seem much more polite and good tempered than in the era of the great post-war strikes. So where is the enemy who threatens to overthrow the Republic and transform the lives of Frenchmen?

The propaganda of Radio-Alger and the enormous photos of the permanent manifestations outside the Resident-General's office in Algiers provide part of the answer. A few hundred miles from Paris, 1,200,000 French citizens refuse to recognise the authority of a government constitutionally appointed by the Assembly; and the élite of the French Army, alongside them, has assured them of its full support, rejecting a solemn call to obedience by President Coty. But so long as the pronunciamentos from Algiers began with the ludicrous phrase, *'Moi, le General Massu. . .'* the breach, however grave, did not threaten the Republic itself. The drama slid into tragedy only when the orators on the Algiers balcony began to end their rantings with *Vive De Gaulle!*, and when the General, far from condemning them, gave them his open approval.

There are few Frenchmen, whatever their political colour, who are not bitterly critical about the way the present constitution works. One cannot, even, entirely blame the soldiers for their exasperation at having to fight a war with an incessant political pantomime going on behind their backs, and for their sudden spurt of anger when a Socialist minister, Robert Lacoste, warned them that his fellow Socialist, Christian Pineau, was preparing a 'diplomatic Dien-Bien-Phu', which would make fools of them in the eyes of the world. The weaknesses of the parliamentary system and the reasonable complaints of the soldiers are universally acknowledged, and there would be few fanatics willing to fight without reserve for a government which included such shop-soiled fixtures as Pierre Pflimlin, Guy Mollet, René Pleven and Edgar Faure. Nevertheless, Frenchmen found the alternative which Algiers first proposed even less attractive. 1940 proved that victory cannot be achieved by replacing a feeble government with a glorious military commander. Besides, for some time now, people here have been changing their views about the 'heroes' of the Parachute Brigade, and the real nature of the 'patriotism' proclaimed by men like Alain de Sérigny and the *colon* extremists. The contents of Alleg's book are pretty generally known here now. Most decidedly, there are few metropolitan Frenchmen who would like to see such a system extended to this side of the Mediterranean. M. Pflimlin's constitutionally appointed government, therefore, was assured of support; and, had he decided to take draconian measures against the insurgents, he would have had all France behind him.

But Pflimlin lost a vital 48 hours in the traditional vote-buying process of enlarging his government. No doubt it seemed to him logical, even vital, to bring in the Socialists. But, in the meantime, De Gaulle strode majestically on to the stage. From then on the wavering began. For some months, indeed, there had been rumours that the General was in favour of a 'liberal solution' in Algeria. Although he has always kept silence on the subject, decent Republicans like Hubert Beuve-Méry, director of *Le Monde*, and François Mauriac have often reminded their readers of the far-sighted concept of the French Union which De Gaulle outlined in his declaration at Brazzaville in 1943. A broad section of the Left, driven to desperation by the war in Algeria, and feeling themselves powerless to end it, have placed at least some of their hopes in De Gaulle, as 'a man who can make peace despite the Right'. There was no real evidence for this belief, but the fact that it was widely held gave it a certain political force.

Thanks to this, and to the memory that 'After all, he's been in power once, and he didn't try to destroy the Republic then', the prospect of De Gaulle's return to power frightens Frenchmen much less than that of a Massu dictatorship. The Communists were the first to see that the distinction is illusory and spread the word that De Gaulle had been in league with the generals and the *colons* for some time. Their cry of alarm – 'De Gaulle has thrown off the mask' – has no doubt found a big response among the workers and in their own party, where De Gaulle has never been a popular figure. The General's contempt for those he believes to be his inferiors is too marked and too open to make him a hero of the masses, while his abortive *Rassemblement du People Français*, which had many of the characteristics of a typical Fascist movement, has left too many bitter memories among the workers and trade unionists for them to be taken in by stories of his liberal views and his claims to 'love all Frenchmen'. After all, Jacques Soustelle was one of his closest friends, Inspector Dides was among his warmest admirers, while he himself has always referred to the Communist voters and CGT members – the vast majority of the industrial working class – as 'separatists', a word which reminds people of the old Pétain posters: 'Communists are not Frenchmen'. Hence the unions, whether Communist, Socialist or Christian, immediately declared themselves against a 'De Gaulle solution' and ordered their members to be on the alert in readiness for a general strike.

But while calling on the government not to give way before any authoritarian pretender, whether Massu, De Gaulle or any other 'liberal dictator', the Left is becoming increasingly disturbed. There is no evidence whatever that Pflimlin and his colleagues are determined to stand firm at all costs, and no sign that they have any real plan to crush the Algiers *camarilla*. It is an ironic paradox that the ministers in whom the Left today has the most confidence are Jules Moch, at the Ministry of the Interior, and De Chévigné, at the Defence Ministry. Not so long ago, one had only to pronounce either of these names at a Communist meeting to raise an angry crescendo of hisses!

By contrast, it is Guy Mollet who is seen by the Left as the weak link in this chain of 'Defenders of the Republic'. 'That man,' say the workers, 'will cave in when the first tomato hits his face – or else he'll jump into the arms of De Gaulle and say "Papa!" if *le grand Charles* offers him a job in his government.'

Curiously enough, De Gaulle, at this week's press conference, spoke of Mollet as if he was not only aware of, but grimly relished these fears. Mollet was the only politician he referred to by name, lavishing on him unaccustomed praise and speaking of him as 'my one-time companion in arms'. There could have been no clearer indication that, for Mollet, the door of the Cabinet room of the future government of National Safety is wide open. But Mollet, when all is said and done, is not quite that naive. An hour after De Gaulle's statement, he published in his turn a declaration rejecting De Gaulle's claim to fix his own procedure for his return to power, and repeating his determination to defend Republican institutions as they exist at present. In fact, Mollet is playing

'. . . je suis un homme qui n'appartient à personne et qui appartient à tout le monde.'

a subtler game than some of his critics on the left give him credit for. He is against a Popular Front, because he believes that a coalition which included the Communists would drive the entire army into the arms of the men of Algiers.

If the only problem were the maintenance of the regime in France itself, these tactics would make excellent sense. Unfortunately, this is only one aspect of the crisis: the government must also find the means to re-establish its authority on the other side of the Mediterranean and break the *camarilla*. Here, prudent, 'centre' tactics have so far got nowhere. Having received the approval of De Gaulle, who has virtually called them the saviours of France, Soustelle and Massu will not yield to anything less than a government determined to use force and backed by the enthusiasm of the working class. Only a government of this type could threaten the dissidents with an economic blockade and full legal sanctions.

Naturally, it would not be easy to dispatch such an ultimatum, for there are 350,000 conscripts from metropolitan France in the Algerian units, and their families at home would be faced with a violent conflict of loyalties. But equally, a Popular Front government would be able to allot the blame where it belongs and divert public indignation into the right channels. More than one general who is today strutting on the Algiers Forum would think twice before rejecting such an ultimatum and thus risking the court martial which would inexorably follow failure.

But nothing leads us to believe that these are the intentions of Pflimlin and Mollet. They are more afraid of a Popular Front in France than of the generals in Algiers. Hence they can only impose their will *with De Gaulle's support*. Of course, they will insist on a great many assurances from De Gaulle about his 'Republican sentiments', and Mollet will need all his skill at manœuvring to neutralise the unions. But the logic of the situation is implacable: if on one side of the Mediterranean there are 1,200,000 men, backed by an army and determined to fight rather than capitulate, then on the other side you must either mobilise the popular forces, without reserve – or call in an umpire. Hence, unless either the extreme Right in France or the fanatics in Algeria make a false move, and, by an act of violent folly, provoke an explosion of unity on the left, Pflimlin and Mollet will have no other choice but to compromise with De Gaulle.

Before this happens, let us be perfectly clear what it would mean. Whatever promises and assurances De Gaulle might be induced to give, the Fourth Republic would gradually be replaced by a dictatorship which, at best, would follow the pattern of the 'colonels' governments' of pre-war eastern Europe and, at worst, would degenerate into pure Fascism. De Gaulle himself would not be a free agent. It is not thanks to the help of the Left, or in order to impose a liberal solution in Algeria, that he can return to power, but thanks to a revolt of racist *colons* and Fascist toughs. A debt like this has to be paid – with interest.

Paris K. S. KAROL

Algiers: The War Continues

The author of this despatch, Jean Daniel, is the chief North African Correspondent of the Paris weekly L'Express.

Strengthened by the support of General De Gaulle and by the hesitations of M. Pflimlin, the Europeans in Algeria are in a state of euphoria, kept white-hot by continuous public demonstrations. They feel themselves released from the dread of being 'thrown into the sea by the Arabs and betrayed by France' – a fear which had been instilled into them by adroit propaganda during the month-long crisis which preceded the explosion. Now that they have linked to their fate the honour of the French army, they are no longer a mere million individuals, denounced for their racism, accused of trying to fight against the stream of history, pitied because they would soon have to pack up and go. They are now at the very centre of the crisis of France, the dynamic of the military revolt.

Already, the generals, who arrived in Algeria with a supreme contempt for *les colons*, are feverishly bidding for popularity among them. The Air Force General Jouhaud has suddenly remembered that it was not by chance that he found himself in Constantine the day the revolt broke. General Salan has reminded the mobs that one of his sons is buried in Algeria. The staff officers are scrambling to take solemn oaths. General Vannxen, for example, has sworn, before a crowd of 50,000 massed on the Algiers Forum, 'to engage myself to defend French Algeria until death – or victory'.

The demonstrators have also included Moslems – men and women, young and old, in vast numbers. For all those who did not know Algeria before these demonstrations, the spectacle was astonishing. What had happened to war-torn Algeria? Where was the unbridgable chasm of hate and blood dividing the two races? In Algiers itself, the explanation is believed to lie partly in the existence of the *bleus de chauffe* – the Moslem riff-raff, mainly deserters from the FLN, whom Colonel Bigeard has trained as anti-terrorist agents. They are fanatically loyal to France, knowing that the FLN is waiting for the chance to kill them. Well paid, wearing uniform (mechanics overalls, known as *bleus de chauffe*), living in the Casbah, which swarms with prostitutes who serve them as informers, these men keep Algiers free from the FLN far more effectively than the paratroops. It would have been easy to mobilise them into a mob to sing the praises of the French army. Another factor was obviously the French lay-mission to the slums of Algiers – organised with Arabic-speaking army officers who, together with doctors, social workers and teachers, have done a magnificent job in the *bidonvilles*, without attempting to make pro-French propaganda. These officers are tremendously popular, and they would have had no difficulty in bringing out a grateful mob.

But everywhere else in Algeria? In the towns and districts where the FLN is strong, the areas of *insécurité permanante*? Must we believe the official FLN explanation that the army forced the Moslems to shout 'Vive De Gaulle' at gunpoint? No: the photographs and newsreels show the Moslem crowds relaxed, smiling, free. Perhaps the final explanation is more a psychological one. For three years, the ill-fed Moslem masses have been the principal victims of the horrors of this war: terrorism and counter-terrorism, *ratissages*, taxes levied by both sides – end even by deserters. The Arabs have lived in such terror and bewilderment, that when the Algiers revolt occurred they clearly expected an immediate and total massacre. When this failed to happen, when they saw that the white mobs and soldiers were not to be unleashed on them, their immediate reaction took the form of an explosion of relief and joy.

When Jacques Soustelle shouted to the crowd of Europeans and Arabs: 'We have totally transformed the Algeria problem', he was probably deceiving himself so far as the future goes. But for the present? The turn events have taken has dumbfounded the *ultras*. Among the 'action groups' of *colon* extremists – who after all started the revolt – racism is the main political force; a single electoral college with equal votes for French and Arabs is regarded as anathema, and even Lacoste's *loi-cadre* as a betrayal. The army, without knowing it, has plunged Algeria into a sudden experiment in racial equality, which, if it continued, might soon jeopardise the whole concept of French Algeria.

The most essential fact, however, about the last week is that the army can claim its first victory for 17 years. The psychological importance of this was fully grasped by the plotters in Paris and Algiers who have slowly woven the strands of the conspiracy. Their object has been to force a shattered parliament to turn to the army and to accept a 'Government of Public Safety' propped up by the army – that is, a government which, while appearing to dance to the army's tune, would in fact be protecting the interests of the reactionary Right.

So the basic Algerian problem remains unchanged. The military operations continue. The FLN's demands are still the same. An Algerian government-in-exile will in due course be announced and will be recognised by half the world. If M. Pflimlin manages to save the Republic from De Gaulle, he will still be unable to carry out the liberal policies in Algeria which he is supposed to support. Nor, for that matter, would De Gaulle himself. The war is by no means over.

JEAN DANIEL

Tension in Tunis

(By a Special Correspondent in Tunis)

A FORTNIGHT ago it looked as if President Bourguiba was ready to take a serious initiative to obtain a peaceful solution of the Algerian problem by invoking the good offices of the Moroccan and Libyan governments as well as his own. General Massu's *coup* in Algiers has put paid to all that. Just before the Pflimlin government was set up in Paris, Bourguiba had spotted an article by M. Pflimlin which had appeared in a French provincial newspaper. It seemed to Bourguiba to indicate the future premier's desire for a friendly reassessment of France's relations with Algeria and with the independent North African states. On the very day when Massu took over in Algiers, the Tunisian authorities, as a gesture of good will, released nine French settlers who had been arrested in February on the charge of illegal possession of arms. The Tunisians, in fact, have consistently seen themselves as a moderating influence in North Africa. One example of this often quoted here is the role they played in the recent Tangiers conference for the unity of the Maghreb. It was a considerable achievement to persuade the FLN representatives at that conference to withhold the formal declaration of an Algerian government, whose recognition by the other North African states would have caused grave embarrassment – above all to Britain and America. The Tunisians have also exercised friendly but firm pressure on the FLN to induce the latter not to side openly with the Soviet bloc or to commit themselves wholly to Nasser's brand of neutralism. Now the standard contention of the FLN that moderation gets them nowhere seems completely vindicated – even though the recent announcement by the FLN information service of the execution of three French soldiers was calculated in any circumstances to provoke a bitter reaction in France.

Perhaps the most significant, if not the most spectacular, response by the Tunisian government to the *coup* in Algiers was the dispatch posthaste the following day of the able Tunisian ambassadors in London and Washington back to their posts. This was interpreted in Tunis as an indication that the good offices of the United States and Britain might be more than ever necessary to moderate the aggressive policy of France. During the past week there have been constant rumours of troop movements, and even aerial reconnaissances, by French forces on the Algerian frontier. Numerous road-blocks have been erected in various parts of the country, but it must be admitted that they would probably provide a more effective obstacle to peaceful motorists than to any invader of Tunisian soil. In the city of Tunis everything, as I write, is quiet, if tense. The patrols of soldiers and police which have ambled casually and quietly round the town since the bombing of Sakiet have not so far had any reason for taking action. Tunisians, indeed, are the most sociable, most friendly and least racially minded of African people, though the police are now armed with rifles and have exchanged their caps for steel helmets. Nobody expresses any personal venom towards the French population now in Tunisia. But if any aggressive movement should be made from outside, there would obviously be serious repercussions. Almost all the people in government circles I have spoken to seem to take it for granted that the British and Americans strongly disapprove in private of French policy in Algeria. The British incidentally seem far more popular than the Americans, though they are often bitterly reproached for official acts and gestures in support of French policy and for their failure to give much needed economic aid to Tunisia.

London Diary

THE French always make the mistake of assuming that their heroes are ageless, that they can be stored up like mummies and produced, when required, in a state of perfect preservation. In 1940 they brought back the Victor of Verdun, only to find he had become a senile old man. In 1954, the Académie at long last elected Cocteau on the assumption that he was still a young Rambeau; instead, they got an arthritic old bore of 64, his talent long since burnt out. Are they going to make the same mistake with De Gaulle? The sagging face, the protruding stomach, the stoop, the voice uncertain of its pitch – I was astonished at the change when I listened to the BBC extracts from his press conference – above all, the ambiguous remarks and silences, all these make me fear the worst. The vanity, I'm told, remains; indeed, it is usually the last thing an ageing public man loses. Here again, De Gaulle has much in common with Pétain, though in sheer, inspired egotism he is the Marshal's master. He really did say: 'Moi je suis Jeanne d'Arc' – which (among other things) made Winston Churchill say that of all the crosses he had to bear, the heaviest was the Cross of Lorraine! Jacques Dumaine, Chef du Protocol at the Quai d'Orsay in the post-war period, relates in his memoirs (which Chapman & Hall are bringing out in English) the ludicrous fuss De Gaulle made when, about to make a solemn entry into the newly elected Constituent Assembly, he suddenly discovered there were no plans to receive him with full military honours. The plea that the deputies, with good historical reason, did not like soldiers in their Chamber left De Gaulle unmoved: he would have a military escort or he wouldn't go at all, and the regime would collapse. Dumaine was sent scurrying to the libraries, looking up Pierre's *Traité Pratique de Droit Parlementaire*, precedents for 1848, 1871, 1875, even old numbers of *L'Illustration*, while the new republic trembled. Eventually a compromise was reached – De Gaulle got his soldiers, but they were only allowed into the courtyard. By way of comment, Dumaine quoted Bismarck's dictum: 'A man is worth just so much – less his vanity'.

* * *

Soustelle – who could well emerge as the power behind De Gaulle – is quite another matter. He is an intellectual, and for some years was Director of the Musée de L'Homme in Paris, though his academic standing is not high. His autobiography, *Envers et Contre Tous*, is tedious rhodomontade, and I fear I never finished it. Like most Fascists – Mosley is a good example – he is more interested in abstractions than people. Hence, as Governor-General of Algeria he launched a tremendous campaign to persuade the Moslem women to abandon their veils, whilst condoning the systematic torture of 'suspects' (including, of course, Moslem women). Again, like Mussolini and Mosley, he suffers from an inherent political instability, and has oscillated violently from left to right. He glories in the worst excesses of French colonialism, but wrote a vituperative attack on US intervention in Guatemala. He is, indeed, passionately anti-American – as are most of his associates. The State Department has got good reason to fear the advent of a De Gaulle government, for Soustelle would be the most likely candidate for the Quai d'Orsay. Little Europe, the Common Market, the Free Trade Area, the Coal Steel Community, perhaps even Nato itself – all these would go.

* * *

'I don't see any point in American planes flying about with H-bombs on board,' said a friend the other day. 'If the Pentagon is right about Soviet intentions, it seems to me that the Kremlin must have won the war already.' 'How's that?' I asked. 'The Russians,' said my friend, 'have had nuclear weapons now for some years. There has been nothing to stop them taking the parts of bombs into the US and assembling them in cellars in every American city. So if they really are the kind of people the Americans think they are, then America can be blown up any night the Kremlin chooses. So either the Russians don't want to destroy America, or they have already won the war. We can only wait and see which is true.'

* * *

It must be about a year ago that Hugh Thomas, then of the Foreign Office, was travelling from France with a copy of Stendal's *Chartreuse de Parme* in his suit-case. A Customs official pounced on it; 'Oh, French is it? I'll have to see if it is on our list.' When it proved not to be black-listed he said: *'In that case I'll 'ave to 'ave it read'*. A sinister variation of Morton's Fork, which leaves me wondering whether some little man in a bowler hat sits in a cubby-hole somewhere near the docks, with a stove to keep his feet warm, reading the French classics to see whether in accordance with British tradition, everything that comes from Paris is dirty. I was reminded of this revealing incident by the answers given by Customs officers under cross

examination by the members of the Committee on Obscenity whose report with all the evidence is now published by the Stationery Office. It's worth buying – especially since I understand that there is really quite a chance of the government's instituting legislation. The evidence and the issues of legal reform involved are being examined in this journal next week by C. H. Rolph.

* * *

It is not true, as reported, that *The Treason Cage*, by Anthony Sampson (Heinemann. 21s.) has been withdrawn from circulation in South Africa. I gather, on the contrary, that it can be readily bought from the bookshops. It is a valuable book. Sampson is a good reporter with intimate knowledge of the story of the African Congress, which most of us know little about, and of the 156 individuals who are still playing their unwilling part in this protracted and fantastic treason trial. They include Europeans and Africans, honest and brave men and women from almost every branch of life; professors, lawyers, journalists, businessmen, doctors, trade unionists, students, clerks and labourers. I suppose that there are few readers of this journal who would not, if they possessed any guts, run the risk of being tried for treason today in South Africa.

* * *

I felt very guilty last Sunday afternoon. Unlike Mr Macmillan, I'm not hardened to law-breaking. And how many people were breaking the law at the same time? Just over the hedge our village team was engaged, not in archery (permitted on Sundays by Henry VIII for military reasons), but in playing cricket against opponents from another village who were all certainly law-breakers. And was not I a criminal standing in my neighbour's garden watching the drifting fruit blossom as it made pink and white patterns on the lawn? I fear my friend was also liable to legal penalties, since he opens his garden *periodically* to the public for a shilling a head – for a hospital fund. The law, it is true, took a blind leap into paganism with the Sunday Entertainments Act, 1932, by throwing open museums (these are defined as places *permanently* used for the exhibition of sculpture, casts, or wax models), picture galleries, concerts, lectures, debates, zoological or botanical gardens and aquaria. I suppose the 'stately homes' can be called museums – but only so long as they are 'permanently' open. A 'botanical garden', presumably, can lawfully be thrown open at irregular intervals. The 1932 Act even allows the cinemas to open where there's a local demand for them, though they have to pay large sums to charity – and I can see poetry in the fact that the cinemas, which are so much blamed for encouraging crime, are required to hand over quite a lot of their Sunday takings to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies. The Act of Uniformity, 1551, is still binding on members of the Church of England – they can be punished for not going to church on Sundays. Why is this not enforced? What is the law doing? On Sunday you mustn't publicly play billiards or bagatelle, kill wild animals, fish for salmon with a net (you can use a rod and line), bet on a racecourse, or bake bread. If you want to have a game with someone outside your own parish, you can only play with bows and arrows. . . . Looking round, I conclude that the Lord's Day Observance Society is not doing its job. If I had the time I would do it myself. It would be great fun. But by the time I had got all the Sunday cricketers, salmon fishers, billiards players, bakers of bread and other criminals (including the Premier) into court, I'm sure the law would have been changed.

CRITIC

Retreat from Massu

To France were returning two dead grenadiers
(I quote from the English translation) –
They heard of the murderous mob in Algiers
And of Pflimlin, the baffled Alsatian;
They agreed that one Pétain was more than enough,
That Brass Hats were commonly crackers,
And that *poilus* had better be calling their bluff
Before they were sent to the knackers.

They read of Lacoste and of General De Gaulle –
A messiah portentously bragging –
The Rebels' Elect for Napoleon's rôle:
What a dog for the tail to be wagging!
But what seemed bizarre to each Citizen Ghost
(They could not at all understand it)
Was Republican generals coveting most
The fate of the Corsican Bandit.

They heard of the fascists and one of them said
That Musso's – no, Massu's – intention
Might be to ask Franco, whose pals were all dead,
To help with some non-intervention.
Of settlers and Salan (and sadists as well)
They heard till they hadn't a doubt of it
That France had conscripted the devils of Hell –
So they beat it and got to Hell out of it.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I hope that no woman will stay away from church for the lack of a hat, but personally I would not dream of going to church without one. If I were bidden to meet the Queen, I should not go bare-headed, nor, I am sure, would any other woman. And what is the purpose of going to church but to meet God? – Letter in the *Scotsman*. (T. T. Chambers.)

R.A.F. Vulcan and Valiant bombers and four American B.52 bombers are taking part in a navigation and nuclear bombing contest over Britain. A cup will be awarded to the winners. – *Daily Telegraph*. (Frances Edwards.)

The danger of the Queen Mother's high-heeled shoes catching in the tram-lines outside Sheffield town hall posed a problem for corporation engineers yesterday.

But they soon hit on the solution. They diverted the city's trams for two hours *and laid tarmac across the lines*. – *Sunday Dispatch*. (J. B. Hodgson.)

A Battersea Dogs' Home dog will cut the tape at the reopening of the Savoy Cinema, Wandsworth, S.W., on Sunday. How? By biting at a piece of liver tied on the partly cut tape. Said manager Mr Denis Cave last night: 'Everyone has film stars to cut tapes – to survive you've got to be different'. – *Daily Sketch*. (N. P. Richard.)

There is something flaccid and unmanly in post-war Britain.

For example, a country so small physically and so over-crowded with its own people, has not got the moral courage to stop the invasion of its shores by tens of thousands of Negroes and other coloured races.

All sorts of specious 'humanitarian' reasons are given, but the fact remains – the nation is frightened of giving offence to the 'under privileged.' – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (Pat Calman.)

The Norwich Experiment

You approach Norwich prison along a bending uphill road. It stands on a hilltop, thus retaining one qualification of many vanished British prisons which were in the castle-keep or at least in the castle grounds of ancient cities. But Norwich gaol – built in 1888 – is less fortress-like than almost any other in Britain. A cavalry-school, you might say, or a barracks of manageable size.

When we met in his rather austere little office, the Governor pointed out that it's the reasonably small size of the prison which is making the 'Norwich experiment' practicable. There's a 'disciplinary staff' – that means the warders – of about 25; the prisoners are reasonably few in number: 250. This has made it possible to try to create an entirely new relation between warders and inmates. Every prisoner, from the time he enters, is in a bunch of six or seven under the care of one particular warder, whose job it is to take an interest in him and the others in that little bunch. This sounds an extraordinarily unexciting proposition until you realise what warder-prisoner relations have been hitherto in British prisons. I asked one warder at Norwich about them. He looked a little embarrassed.

'Well, sir, in the old days, if a prisoner was to come up to you and ask a question, you'd maybe shout "Get away!"'

Most people who have taught or visited in prisons must sometime or other have looked wonderingly, during association-time, at the single figure in blue, standing erect and glaring near a ping-pong table or by a dartboard, while the prisoners played under his frozen stare. The explanation, of course, was that he was observing a tradition which has hardened during long years of usage – a tradition which sees the prison warder as a watch-dog, a keeper, a sentinel ready to restrain, harry and rebuke, with little or no role as a personal acquaintance or a friendly human being. Various justifications have been advanced for the tradition. Prison warders, it used to be said, might too easily be induced to smuggle in cigarettes, tobacco and other luxuries 'for a consideration' (payable by prisoners' friends outside), if they were allowed to consort with prisoners. Moreover, sheer pressure of numbers on a too slender staff has made, and still makes, the warder's role in the large British prisons that of an eagle-eyed custodian pure and simple. The Norwich experiment is a break-through from these old ideas and limitations.

I walked with the Chief Officer between the trestle-tables along the wide ground floor passage in the club atmosphere of association-time. The many groups in grey flannel were talking or playing anything from dominoes to darts. Individual prisoners studied, wrote letters or read. And – remarkable sight – the man in blue with the peaked cap was not stiff and impassive. He was half-leaning on one of the tables, talking to two old fellows seated on a bench. The subject of their conversation? Scottish comedians.

'Eighteen months ago I'd have had to put that officer on the mat!' exclaimed the Chief.

The first dividend of the Norwich experiment is the approbation of the warders. 'There's a difference,' said one. 'Before, when you stood here in a crowd of prisoners, you needed eyes in the back of your neck – at least, that's how you felt. Now you can relax. It's a much better feeling.' Obviously the new humanisation of relations in

Norwich prison has as many different facets as there are personalities of warders and prisoners. Said one warder, a youngish, alert man: 'They talk about their grievances – what's happened to them. It's hard to find out much about their early life, their childhood – that seems to go very deep. When they think of their parents they're still ashamed of what they've done – even the recidivists – funny, isn't it?' And if that seems an unnaturally psycho-analytical account for a simple warder, here is the report to the Governor by another warder on one of his charges: 'He is very conscious of his small stature, and this gives him an inferior complex'.

Every warder reports to the Governor in writing once a month on each of his seven charges, but – as in other organisations – such obligatory reports tend to get perfunctory. More lively and helpful are the new, frequent contacts between warders and the prison welfare officer. At all sorts of odd hours they pop into his office with something to tell about prisoners' family problems. He told me: 'Often a warder comes to me, now, and asks: "Can you see X?" Out of 20 new arrivals from another prison last week, ten had family problems. Either it was financial difficulty or the wife was unfaithful or she was expecting, or the children's clothing was in rags. None of the troubles had been discovered in the prison the men had come from. In every case it was the warders here who brought them before me. And in every case I could do something about it'.

'And the prisoner?' I asked.

'The tough boys speak more kindly about the warders,' he answered; 'Or shall I say less unkindly? The old "cribs" against warders ("he never says good morning", or "he's a hard bastard") have become rare.'

The difficulties in introducing prison innovations are seldom what the layman expects them to be. In the Norwich experiment neither the sceptical, unadaptable warder nor the prisoner who takes advantage is the serious difficulty. It's the professional criminal of the aggressive kind who misses the old 'provocation' embodied in the surly, unbending warder; who really hankers after the harsh discipline, the opportunity to clash with prison officers. 'For a time the "hard nut" can be very awkward,' said the Governor, 'but in most cases his fellow-prisoners persuade him to fit in. He may go on grumbling but ten to one you find later he's struck up quite a good relation with his warder.'

But there is scepticism as well as hostility from many old hands in prison when a warder tries to chat and get friendly by the dart-board or while his prisoner, on hands and knees, propels a scrubbing-brush over a cell floor. This is how one of the Norwich warders put it: 'Some of them have been trotting out the same old plausible story about themselves for years – to coppers, Governors, psychologists, warders, after-care people, it doesn't matter who. It's part of their stock-in-trade; it's about all anyone ever gets out of them.' He was describing, in everyday language, the behaviour of the recidivist offender, of the man whose personality is twisted and overlaid perhaps beyond repair.

But another warder was standing close by. A burly man, huge-handed and florid-faced (I should never have suspected him of sensibility). Suddenly he looked thoughtful; and then he said something of extraordinary vision and wisdom. 'In my opinion the benefits of this experiment can't be felt yet. Three-quarters of the men here have been in prison too long under the old system. When you talk to them they think it's with an ulterior motive. They've got no confidence. But, in time to come, after this kind of thing has gone on in prisons for years – then we shall reap the full benefits of what's been started here today.'

DERRICK SINGTON

[The Prison Commissioners announce that the Norwich system has lately been extended to three other local prisons (Shrewsbury, Oxford and Swansea), and that something similar is to be tried at four larger prisons. – ED., *NS*.]

Supreme Court in Peril

IF the plans of certain Senators work out, the United States Supreme Court will in an indirect way soon go on trial on Capitol Hill. The case of Senators Jenner, Butler, Eastland *et al.* against the nation's highest judicial body is at least theoretically before the Senate in the form of the Butler bill, a legislative monstrosity designed to reverse some of the most important civil liberties decisions made by the Court in recent years. While there is still a good chance that the bill will be kept from the floor by astute management, there is an equally good chance that if it ever gets to a vote, it will be passed in one form or another. The mere fact that it was favourably reported by the powerful Judiciary Committee is a measure of the prevailing bitterness toward the Court from determined segregationists, extreme devotees of 'security', and frustrated Congressmen.

The Butler bill is a modification of a still more blatant measure sponsored by William F. Jenner, who stands somewhat to the right of all 95 of his colleagues. Indeed, so distressed is Mr Jenner over the leftward deterioration of the Senate that he plans to return to Indiana next year, leaving the Upper House to stew in its allegedly radical juices, and his present battle with the Court is by way of a farewell engagement. The Jenner proposal would have flatly forbidden the Justices to review any case involving refusal to answer the questions of Congressional committees, federal employee security regulations, state and local laws against subversion, and state rules governing admission to the bar. In all these fields, as the *Washington Post* put it, the Court 'could no longer function as the judicial arbiter of our Constitutional system'.

When it became clear that this meat-cleaver approach was too much even for the Judiciary Committee, a fortress of anti-Court sentiment, the job of achieving the same purpose by indirect attack was assumed by John Marshall Butler, a Maryland Republican who first won a seat in the Senate with the tricky assistance of the late Joseph McCarthy. Like Jenner, Butler would deny the Court any jurisdiction in bar admission cases, but beyond that he proposes simply to reverse, by legislation, a number of the Court's major decisions. The Justices decided not long ago, for example, that a witness who refused to answer a Congressional committee's question could not be convicted of contempt unless the Committee had demonstrated that the question was pertinent to a valid legislative purpose. Under the Butler law the witness would have to challenge the question at the time, and if the committee then ruled in its own favour, there could be no appeal. Its decisions concerning pertinence would be final.

Similarly, where the Court found, two years ago, that only government employees in 'sensitive' jobs could be fired solely as 'security risks', Butler would change the law specifically to allow dismissal of any federal worker, right down to scrubwomen, under security procedures. Where the Court held that federal statutes adequately covered cases of subversion against the United States and therefore supplanted state laws on the subject, Butler's bill would deny such federal pre-emption, with regard to subversion or anything else, unless Congress specifically provided it in the statute. And where the Court ruled that the anti-subversive Smith Act applied only to 'incitement to action', Butler would, by law, apply it even to the 'theoretical advocacy' of overthrowing the government.

On the danger of all these provisions legal experts, editorial writers, and a sprinkling of Congressmen have been explicit and devastating. If Congress casually abolishes the Court's jurisdiction in the admission of applicants to the bar – technically it has the right to make such exceptions – it can just as casually abolish it in broader fields, a highly dangerous course which Congresses have scrupulously avoided – with only one important exception, and that in the feverish days of Reconstruction. Quite apart from precedent, the move has immediate dangers. Even now several southern states have anti-barratry laws designed to disbar lawyers who 'promote' desegregation cases in the courts. Without the protection of the Supreme Court, states might go farther and make it extremely hard for a Negro even to be admitted to practice.

The implications of other Butler proposals are even more ominous. Making Congressional committees the sole and final arbiters of their own behaviour would give fixed sanction to the abuses of the McCarthy period, with no fishing expedition or personal vendetta beyond the power of a legislative oligarchy. Both Deputy Attorney-General Walsh and Senator Hennings, a member of the Judiciary Committee, have pointed out the palpable unconstitutionality of attempting to punish 'subversion' in the abstract, a statute so broad that Lincoln and Jefferson could have gone to jail under its provisions. The proposal for dismissing any government worker on suspicion, Hennings and others have pointed out, would 'imperil the integrity of our entire civil service system', and the thought of denying federal law a pre-emption in national matters has thrown the Justice Department into something of a fever. Interstate railroads might have to obey 48 sets of rules as well as federal law, and, as one Congressman points out, 'Without a single common reviewing authority the constitutional rights of an American in Denver might well be different from those of an American in Detroit'. Altogether as toxic a brew as anyone has concocted on Capitol Hill in a long while.

When the Jenner bill was introduced, no one took the move seriously. It had been literally sneaked through a sub-committee of which Jenner is the ranking member after one day's hearings and without a single opposition witness being called. But once Mr Butler laid a subtler hand on the bill, the danger became apparent. Here was a chance at the very least to embarrass the Court and perhaps modify it under pressure, just as the 'Nine Old Men' finally yielded to Roosevelt even though his plan to alter the Court directly failed to materialise. At best the Butler bill might actually clip the wings of the judiciary and bring joy to those, like Senator Thurmond of South Carolina, for whom the present Court has been a source of 'judicial tyranny' and 'judicial usurpation'.

The depth and prevalence of this feeling are

apparent, though it has eased somewhat since the desegregation opinion first made Earl Warren the South's blackest villain since the days of Thaddeus Stevens. Not long ago Senator Eastland of Mississippi, who somewhat grotesquely sits as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, required a nominee for a federal judgeship to take a special oath that he would not knowingly participate in any decision designed to alter the meaning of the constitution or any law passed by Congress. 'This injection of a Congressional oath into the confirmation process,' the *Washington Post* pointed out, 'has the appearance of putting judges under pressure to accept the viewpoint of a little clique in the Senate'.

Among the self-appointed watchdogs of the Republic, the feeling is even more vitriolic. Senator Thurmond openly charged the Court with having moved 'perhaps unconsciously, to set itself up as the guardian of subversive elements'. In the vituperative mail that poured in on the Justices after the civil liberties decisions, a common epithet was 'dirty Communist'. And a Senate sub-committee recently included with its published hearings a separately printed report – introduced by a crackpot organisation but now handily available for special mailings – apparently as a 'Senate document' in which the bemused reader may learn that 'In the paralytic effect of its pro-Communist decisions on state and federal agencies of internal security, the United States Supreme Court is the most powerful, and potentially determinative, instrument of the Communist global conquest by paralysis'.

While the Butler bill is a long way from the statute books, the favourable report by the Judiciary Committee by a ten to five vote is certainly the high-water mark in this flood of anti-Court sentiment. Voting for it were not only the Southerners, including moderates like Senator Ervin of North Carolina, but such powers in the Senate as Dirksen of Illinois and the usually liberal O'Mahoney of Wyoming. With this indication that debate would be long and vitriolic, the liberal hope is that Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson will persuade himself to shunt the bill aside, if he can, rather than let it block urgent legislation and split both parties wide open. Senator Javits of New York has already served notice that if the bill is placed on the calendar, he will move to substitute a constitutional amendment clearly giving the Court appellate jurisdiction on all matters, without exception, arising under the constitution.

Even if the Butler measure should get through both houses, it would still face the possibility of a veto. While President Eisenhower has been very cagey on the subject, his Attorney-General has pleaded for public support of the courts against what he describes as a 'kill the umpire' attitude. The leading bar associations and judges of the country take the same general position, though they seem somewhat less exercised than they were about Roosevelt's 'court-packing plan' of 20 years ago. One reason for their relative mildness is that some highly respected jurists, like Judge Learned Hand, have been critical of the Warren Court's tendency to overreach. Hand is against the Butler Bill, but its proponents have used his charge that the present Court has at times made itself, in effect, 'a third legislative chamber'. Perhaps an even more telling factor in the mildness with which the generally conservative lawyers' associations have rallied to the Court's defence is the simple fact that for the first time in its history that august body is being attacked from the right instead of the left.

ROBERT BENDINER

Washington.

Allies in Wonderland

'The time has come', the Walrus said,
'To say a thing or two:
Of hops – and crops – and Butter-Scotch
And what is Good for You –
And whether toffee's nice to drink –
Or stout is made to chew'.

'O, Walrus', said the Carpenter,
'It's very plain to see
You've got the story wrong-way-round,
Here's what it ought to be:
Callard & Bowser now have joined
The Guinness family'.

To Alice said the Carpenter:
(She'd heard the news with glee)
'Callard & Bowser's good for you,
Guinness is good for me'.
And Alice said, 'I'm glad they met –
'Twas very meet', said she.

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G.E.2978.D

The Monastery Garden

THE hills on which Jerusalem is built have each their own name and character, and just beyond the south wall of the Old City is the one traditionally known as the Hill of Evil Counsel. It was there that we went to live in 1936. Ringed at the top by the walls of a small Greek monastery built on the site of the country house of Caiaphas, it looks across the hills of Judah to the Dead Sea. Six small houses built limpet-wise against the inside of the walls formed part of the monastry, and in one of these we lived.

The caretaker for the Greek Orthodox Church which owned the houses was a monk with grizzly hair and beard, known to us as Rasputin. He paraded the grounds in his black cylindrical hat and billowing robes, and he was kept busy and irritable seeing that the children did not creep into the catacombs, play hopscotch on the fragments of mosaic flooring at the entrance.

The gardens of the six houses were not marked by boundaries, and this led to friction between the Greek, German, English and Arab inhabitants of the compound. This state of suppressed warfare, very similar to that of the city outside our walls, was very much to the taste of us children. The murders and ambushes which frequently occurred in the surrounding country, vaguely referred to as 'the troubles', concerned us very little. But during the Moslem feast of Ramadan, I used to lie awake at night terrified by the steady beat of a drum in the valley below. The sound came closer and then retreated into the distance, occasionally punctuated by the sad cadence of the muezzin's call to prayer. This was bound up in my mind with the shots and muffled explosions which broke the silence of the hills at other times, a menace which suddenly became immediate and then was forgotten in the lull.

Warfare in the monastery garden continued unbroken. On one side our garden was level with the top of the wall and overlooked an Arab village. The village children were our favourite enemies. We pelted each other with stones and insults. When we seemed to be losing, I ran to the pump to ask the gardener for a specially good word. The last word, however, was had by the one-eyed grandmother of the ringleader, who rapidly scaled the wall one day and chased us round the garden.

Throwing stones was, of course, forbidden, particularly as our house was partly made of glass. It was almost impossible not to, however, for stones were everywhere. The hills and paths were strewn with chips and boulders. 'Weeding' was simply a matter of picking out the stones which were pressing down the plants. In spite of this the ground in springtime was thick with wild flowers of an endless variety, making the hills look deceptively soft. Lizards, chameleons and small tortoises pushed their way between the stalks and over the stones. We tracked them down and tried to tame them, but they usually escaped from their assorted tins and boxes and disappeared. Chameleons, in particular, refused to respond to our experiments. The idea was to induce them to turn silver by sitting them on a large piece of tinfoil. After a few moments their eyelids drooped and they looked miserable. Try as they would, they could never manage more than a transformation from fresh green to a dull mottled grey. After these disappointments we usually turned to another pastime—visiting.

It was always difficult to decide between the Russian *mamushka* living in a small room crammed with relics next to the church, and Mrs Blakeney, half-way down the hill. In the first case, we would get tea and sweets, and in the second, lemonade and biscuits. Mrs Blakeney dressed in the style of her girlhood: her hair fluffed out at the sides and on her forehead a velvet bandeau. Her dresses were high-waisted and cut in a low V at the neck, revealing a lace camisole. She had the small, sweet smile and innocent blue eyes of the period; but, added to this, a trembling, blissful expression which was both moving and ridiculous. We loved her.

As soon as she opened the door we were confronted with a large painted scroll with the words IT MAY BE TOMORROW in pink letters. Triumphantly she noted our bewilderment (which was apparently shared by the milkman—'I told him to wait upon the Lord') and explained that the pink words were a warning to us to prepare for the final cataclysm. She looked so happy about it all; but our uneasiness increased as she described the destruction of Jerusalem in detail, concluding with the words, 'And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire'. It seemed likely that we should be cast in with the rest, and one look at her Map of Salvation convinced us that we were doomed. This was a neat, coloured chart showing on the left side an uncommonly steep road topped by a distant golden blancmange—the Heavenly Jerusalem. The few frail pilgrims toiling upwards appeared to be continually tumbling into cunningly contrived booby traps. The Primrose Path on the right, however, was jam-packed with sinners struggling to board the cheerfully coloured Sunday Train—first stop Perdition.

This bird's-eye view of life depressed me. I would suggest hastily that we played 'our game'. Mrs Blakeney was always delighted and turned to the convent-bred girl from Bethlehem with the plump, pale face and black eyes of the region, who was dusting the bibles and bibelots. *'Esmé, voulez-vous apporter le panier pour faire jouer les enfants.'* Esmé would re-appear rolling a large woven clothes-basket, like an oil jar with a lid on it. In turn, we crept inside and were bundled up and down the terrace. *'Que ça fait plaisir aux enfants, n'est-ce pas, Esmé?'* cried Mrs Blakeney as she clapped the lid on the last child.

We returned to the cool, dark house for lemonade and biscuits and then it was time for prayers. Perhaps because we were so fond of her, we were always afflicted with the most agonising giggles during the brief service. While she prayed that our eyes might be opened, we prayed with equal fervour that hers would remain shut. In that house which overlooked the Holy City, she sang of green hills far away, imagining England, and of a Jerusalem that could have been created only among the dark, satanic mills.

Mrs Blakeney's religious ideas were delightfully practical. She knew that when the end of the world came, the flood waters would pour over Jerusalem submerging all but the tops of the highest hills. It was obvious that our house would remain high and dry. Hers was only halfway to safety. She bought our house as soon as it went up for sale, and when I returned a few years later it was the headquarters of a missionary society. Since then the monastery garden and most of the houses have been destroyed by gunfire, and the hill itself stands in No-Man's Land.

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The Arts and Entertainment

More Than Method

THIS is the Moscow Art Theatre company's first visit to London and they have brought with them a new *Cherry Orchard*. We see a Russian Chekhov at last and it is a superb occasion. The dread was that the most transparent and most delicately balanced of anti-dramatic playwrights would be turned, by some alteration of emphasis, into something earnest and opaque. He was not; the new strength that is to be found in the Company's production was always there to be drawn out. Of course, Chekhov is now a period piece, almost as remote to the Soviet Fifties as Congreve is to us; he and his period have been gravely preserved (but not in amber) in every telling detail. The birds still twitter in the cherry orchard—the Stanislavsky twitter annoyed Chekhov—the peculiar sounds he wanted are there: the mysterious noise like a harp-string breaking in the country scene and that dull heart-choking sound of axes on the trees at the end. The shutters close and the stage is still lit by those heart-shaped slits in them. The following night at *The Three Sisters* the lamp-lit scenes were rather dark, as if the play had been thought of as an old picture in a gallery; but the tinny bells of the fire brigade racing by were exactly as Chekhov desired them; the Baron fell to a shot dulled by country distance, and the same silly piano played the Maiden's Prayer. The scenic fidelity was complete.

Yet in one or two important respects the Moscow *Cherry Orchard* differed from the excellent

English productions. Trofimov, the perpetual student, is no longer a farcical hobbledehoy and highbrow butt. Lopahin, emerges not as a heartless speculative builder but as a man of passion and positive force. The case for a stronger Trofimov is clear in Chekhov's text. Like many comic writers he was an anti-philosopher; life was meaningless but we must work. Work redeems us from futility and stagnation. The very blossoms on the cherry tree represent the lives of generations of serfs who have worked. A young man like Trofimov may lose his galoshes, pedantically lecture his friends on pride; he may be priggish about love and fidget with his books and his glasses – but it is he who has real independence in this country house. He alone can refuse to be helped by Lopahin. He can pay his own fare to Moscow. He has earned the money. And Lopahin is no greedy vulgarian. He is a man who cannot bear waste. He puts a dream to work; in the last scene, when he comes back from the auction, overcome by his own coup, Sergey Lukyanov rendered him splendidly. It is a triumph of each member of this company that, at the right moment, they bring out the character they are playing, to the full.

Our own remarkable Chekhov productions have relied on a mingling of the tender and the eccentric. Our Madame Ranevskys have been romantic, spendthrift, feckless, unteachable, broken-hearted and capricious. In Paris their life has clearly been spirited and modish. When they have turned on Trofimov and told him that he does not know what love is, we have felt they were speaking with sexual mockery. They are also *mondaine*. It is not so with Alla Tarasova's Madame Ranevsky. The portrait is of a woman who is lethargic, easy-going, emotional, soft, hopelessly incompetent, inclined to the handkerchief dabbings of middle age, but not vain. She is fond and maternal, a domestic sinner. Her love affair in Paris is a muddle she has drifted into without the will to resist. There is more weakness in herself than there is fascination in the lover who robs her. Trofimov does not understand love because (she seems to convey) he cannot understand habit, punishment, slavery, loneliness. There is a fundamental childishness in Alla Tarasova's Madame Ranevsky. Chekhov presented the gentry as provincial and stagnant – provincial even in Paris. Our productions, as I remember, have really made Madame Ranevsky a character out of Turgenev.

Ignorance of the language is a greater disadvantage in *The Three Sisters*, for this beautiful and limpid play has long inactive passages. Once again, one notes how naturally the actors play together as a group, living their lives together without artificiality or fault. One notices the immense amount of detail in their movements: the variety of gesture, the arm that leans on the chair for half the sentence and which touches the table the next; the leaning to listen; the getting up to the back of a table or a window. There are no vacant faces, no dead personages on the stage. One discovers a great truth: that some part of the human monkey is always moving. Chekhov, like nearly all the nineteenth-century Russians, caught the unnoted minutes of life. The three sisters were delicately separated persons: Margarita Yurieva's sullen, petulant Masha, glowering over her frustration, hugging her absurd cushion; Rayissa Maximova's subtly changing Irina who lost her glow before our eyes and Kirsf Ivanova's Olga, almost hysterical with the sense of duty borne too long. Clementina Rostovtseva's Natasha, the bossing and destroying housewife, made the blood run cold. Chekhov directed that she should march through the bedroom, without speaking, in the night scene, 'like Lady Macbeth' – and she did. It was frightful. The farce of the officers with their camera, the doctor (Alexis Gribov) with his lashing drunken outburst – all the outbursts branch out into extraordinary gesture – and the tense, restless walking-up-and-down movements in the last act in the birchwood, put an unforgettable stamp of fresh reality on the play. The Baron, studiously dull and talkative until that last act, now emerged as a laconic, decided figure; and the moment when the doctor goes off with his bag into the trees to the duel, without a word, is one of those casual Chekhovian items, which really sear.

We come back, at the end of *The Three Sisters*, to Chekhov's peculiar assertion – which startled Stanislavsky – that the play was comedy, even a farce. This has usually been taken as an example of Chekhov's perversity and of a writer's failure to understand the effect of his own work. The fact is that the end of the play is ironical and sad. It ends in a number of questions. Just as Madame Ranevsky and her brother in *The Cherry Orchard* are really relieved when the orchard is sold, when their dream, and the tension of heart it has caused, have gone and they face reality; so, at the end of *The Three Sisters*, Irina cries almost ecstatically through her tears, 'We must go on working' and Olga cries, 'No, my dear sisters, life isn't finished for us yet'. Later on (she cries), they may perhaps know why they live and suffer. They, too, are freed from a dream – Masha, from a philandering bore, who has the nerve to ask her to keep an eye on his neurotic wife and children; Irina from the man whom she did not love and who, she knew, would not stick to anything for long. The tension has gone; reality has to be faced sincerely. Chekhov was always saying that. The farce, or,

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RICH DARK HONEYDEW

FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

more kindly, the comedy lies in the distorting effect of dream: the sisters did not want lovers; they wanted Moscow. It is a mistake (the Moscow productions teach us) to dwell solely on Chekhov's sensibility to mood and to neglect the answering energetic chord in his mind.

Uncle Vanya, which is a straighter play and poor by comparison, is marred by speeches that are too long for the irony. Chekhov is in danger of making the frantic heartbreak of Uncle Vanya ridiculous. Vassily Orlov daringly and brilliantly rescued this dangerous part by turning Uncle Vanya into a man unhinged. The two young women (Margarite Anastasieva and Tatyane Lennikova) played with a romantic grace, delightful to watch; but their roles brought out the absence of sensual observation in Chekhov. One had little notion that Elena's devastating effect must have been sexual. He is the pianist of a fading romantic period, whose hands pass quickly, evasively over the keys of sexual feeling. The company observed this reticence, I thought, too consistently.

Chekhov's Russians have seemed changeable and inconsequent to us, liable to rambling soliloquy. They are 'mad', or if not mad, fantastically egocentric. Critics point to Olga's speech, apparently addressed out of the family circle to the audience, at the beginning of *The Three Sisters*, in which she tells the family story; they give this as an example of Chekhov breaking with his own convention. I do not think this is so. Olga is musing. She is addressing herself. Chekhov has observed what every student of human speech now knows, that a large portion of it consists not in interchange, but in story-telling which is often open or disguised soliloquy. No doubt Russians were, and perhaps are, more expressive than ourselves, but not much more. The inconsequence is not really 'mad'. The belief that it is, has marred our productions by making them odd. I believe the Moscow productions confirm the text. Catching people at the point of inertia, in their 'undramatic' moments, Chekhov caught them when inner life rises naturally and thoughtlessly into speech. He caught people in their solitude and the comedy lies in the collisions of these solitudes.

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Russians and Americans

IT is ironical that Soviet Russia, sworn enemy of the aristocratic principle and all that it entails, should in the arts have become a stronghold of aristocratic style. I am thinking not of the creative arts, which in Russia seem to hover between a debased bourgeois style and what Mr Priestley calls 'Admass culture', but of the Russian interpretative artists: of the supreme Bolshoi dancers, of the Moscow Art Theatre actors who in *The Three Sisters* appear incapable of a single false gesture in the re-creation of a vanished world (whereas it is hard to find young English actors who can play the gentry of the immediate past without self-conscious attitudinising), and of the musicians whose work we know either at first hand or on gramophone records. Such transcendent virtuosos as the pianist Svjatoslav Richter, the violinists David Oistrakh and Leonid Kogan, and the cellists Rostropovitz and Knushevitsky play with an effortless superiority which is a matter of approach as well as technique: they dazzle, but they are not out to dazzle. And there is a small group of singers, mostly unheard here, whose work shows not only grace and purity of line, but also (where appropriate) an unusual elegance and intimacy of manner; these include the mezzo-soprano, Nadezhda Obukhova, the two well-known tenors, Lemeshev and Kozlovsky, and the noble bass, Mark Reizen.

A piano trio composed of David Oistrakh, Knushevitsky and Lev Oborin gave a Festival Hall concert last week as part of Harold Holt's imposingly named 'International Celebrity Music Festival'. They began with a performance of Beethoven's Archduke Trio which was so completely musical, so unfailingly easy and natural, and so beautiful in sheer sound, that I can think of nothing to equal it since the days of Cortot, Thibaud and Casals. The cellist in particular is an artist whose transparent tone-quality and exquisite phrasing – a matter, often, of barely perceptible variations in the pressure of the bow – made one glad to be alive whenever a cantabile theme came his way; the brief answering phrases between him and Oistrakh at the end of the slow movement were the very perfection of musical discourse. I was amazed to discover, during the interval, that several people whose judgment I respect had found this sublime playing too cold and restrained. It is true that the Russian players brought too little energy and weight to the first movement of the Brahms C minor Trio; but in the Andante grazioso they were perfection, and they made out the best possible case for Tchaikovsky's undeniably long-winded Trio in A minor.

In the same series of concerts the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, under their regular conductor, Eugene Ormandy, gave a single London concert to inaugurate a far-ranging European tour. They remain a glorious instrument. The equal blend of the woodwind, the solid purity of the brass and the golden radiance of the strings (for instance, at the entry of the divided cellos in the first movement of Debussy's *La Mer*) – these virtues are as conspicuous as ever. But what are we to say of Mr Ormandy as an interpreter of the classics, on the strength of this performance of Brahms's Second Symphony; of the second subject of its first movement sung (with glorious tone, of course) by these same cellos with the absurd punctuation of a comma every few notes? Surely that, though a great musical showman, this conductor has little notion of musical style. Debussy's seascape stands up pretty well to virtuoso treatment, and this performance had some very beautiful passages; but we left the Festival Hall with the impression of having attended a Cinerama spectacle, enormously imposing and enjoyable in its way, but with the joins distinctly perceptible and the horizon slightly curved.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The End of the Five Year Plan

THE five years is now up which Mr Michael Benthall, the director of the Old Vic, decided to devote to running through the whole of the First Folio of Shakespeare, play by play. The intention was semi-educational – to give the Old Vic audience (a predominantly student body) the chance to have seen the whole corpus of Shakespeare's work at one rather long stretch. If they have gained by this, they have also lost – lost the chance of seeing a repertory of classics besides Shakespeare, which even in a small way, the Old Vic need to provide. And I hope that now the Old Vic may think it fair to compensate by widening their repertory for a year or two even further than they used to. For there is, alas, at the moment in London no other theatre where the classics of other times and other tongues may be regularly revived. With Stratford rightly dedicated to Shakespeare alone, the Old Vic should take on itself to plug the gap.

The Five Year Plan has been, one must admit, only a qualified success. It has not made quite the impact that was hoped for. Partly no doubt this has been because the scheme has forced plays on casts not qualified to take them on. There have been happy occasions when the young cast (and Mr Benthall has deliberately kept his cast young) has come together to make something fresh and charming – as a typical example the current *Twelfth Night*. But there have been more near misses when, without the stiffening of trained players at the top, inexperience has fallen too far short of endeavour. The things one remembers most – but this is only natural – are the, so to speak, extra-curricular activities – the *Othello* when Richard Burton and John Neville alternated as Iago and the Moor, or Tyrone Guthrie's impertinently successful Merry Widow *Troilus*. But the general effect has been – discouraging as it is to say – of a rather long plod.

The long plod comes into the home stretch with a gala performance of *Henry VIII*. And it is indeed a gala which brings together our leading Shakespearean actor Sir John Gielgud and that great doyenne of the profession, Dame Edith Evans. It is true that *Henry VIII* is a somewhat creaking vehicle, an old *pièce d'occasion* got together for a vain queen by a number of her authors of whom Shakespeare was – or probably was – one: and if it gives to the company a rather limited opportunity to display their powers, it does provide both Sir John and Dame Edith with superb virtuoso scenes and each gave a characteristically superb, indeed an exemplary, display in them.

As a part, Wolsey has always tempted the big

actors, rather surprisingly, for it is an ungrateful part with only the fine tirade of the Fall to make up for the stiffness of its opening. Sir John might seem the one great actor least fitted for the coarse butcher's son from Ipswich. But already in his first entrance he had made himself conceivable as such. And if we don't still see why he has chosen to play the part until his big scene begins, we see from the very start that he could play it earlier too if the dramatist had only provided him with the material.

The big scene when it comes is a model. It begins, you remember, with the baiting, first by the King himself in his heavily brutal comic mood. 'Read over this . . . and then to breakfast —with what appetite you have.' And it is continued by his nobles, baying like hounds round the wounded victim. The beast goes down, but then rises to his feet for the last time and in a stance that completely dominates and holds it still, perfectly still, out-facing them even from defeat. It is the first time we have had the chance to see and feel the greatness of the man, the greatness that later Griffith will so persuasively outline to the dying Queen. It is greatness in defeat, but it is still greatness, and Sir John standing there persuades us of it completely, simply by that stance. That is great acting.

By the same token, Dame Edith conjures the whole picture of the dignity and nobility of the unjustly ill-used by the simplest possible means. There is nothing histrionic, nothing over-stressed. She pitches her voice cool and true, and how perfect and unforced the enunciation, how admirably phrased is every sentence, how subtle and telling the modulation and the change of pitch! If only every actor and actress in the profession would bend their ears to learn from her, the speaking of Shakespeare in our theatres would be transformed. Her rounding on Wolsey in the court scene was a miracle of dignity and reined-in power; her death scene a miracle of pathos without self-pity. Mr Harry Andrews, forceful, weighty and solid, made a fine King.

T. C. WORSLEY

Artificialities

AT times it looks to me very odd that films, whose nature is to surprise reality, should be pushed so often the other way—to foster illusion. It was refreshing then to learn of *Stage Struck* (Odeon), which is about New York, that for the first time a film had been made wholly in New York. The sun lights the skyscraper peaks, people move in the snowy parks, the wind whistles round corners, there's a good deal of camera-angling up and down Broadway by day and by night, this being a story about theatre life.

The scene is in Technicolor, exceptionally well employed, and the directing hand is Sidney Lumet's; he confined the eye remarkably in *Twelve Angry Men* and here lets it loose. To New York's theatreland thus vividly presented comes a girl from the provinces wanting to be a great actress and talking like *The Trojan Women* rewritten by Evelyn Waugh. We are amused; touched; charmed, since the girl (Susan Strasberg) has unusual charm; then frankly puzzled. Isn't the aspiring babble overdone? But then the producer's office is so real, with Henry Fonda as the producer, Herbert Marshall as an old actor, Joan Greenwood as leading lady; perhaps we'd never realised before how actressy a young girl all for the stage can be!

Comes her Great Chance. At a champagne party she mounts the stairs, delivers longingly Juliet's balcony speech—poor girl, we think, that's the end of *her*. Not a bit; everyone is ravished, the hard producer has eyes shiny as hers, and though there may be theatrical and sexual hazards ahead, for triumph and greatness she is bound. This takes the bite out of realism, and so far as I was concerned out of the film, though it kept on with incidentally striking moments. But do theatre people wander out of their super-heated apartments to talk endlessly and coatless in the falling snow? Would Miss Strasberg get past by looks and stance alone, while delivering speeches in a sleep-walking fashion with an eye on the metronome? The effect is bizarre, and we leave *Stage Struck* with the conviction that most stage-struck of all have been the original author and his latest producers.

The artificialities of *The White Nights* (Curzon), are at least those of the cinema. A Dostoevsky novelette about a lonely man and a lonely girl meeting at nights on a bridge has been transferred from St Petersburg to Italy, or rather to an Italian studio in which a most beautiful set of back streets and canal has been employed to revive French romanticism. Here are the bridge of *Hotel du Nord*, the stray dog from *Quai des Brumes*, the midnight pacings of *Sous les Toits de Paris*. The naive lovers appeal—up to a point; Maria Schell, ever laughing and crying, is like a Bergner overflowing; Marcello Mastroianni patiently eggs her on, and rather deserves in the end to go off with the dog. It is a pity that this equivocal film should be our second introduction to the talent of Luchino Visconti: his *Senso*, somewhat garbled as it was, had already done him very much less than justice.

A breath of fresh air comes from Canada in the shape of the youthful *Dangerous Age* (Academy): 24-year-old director (Sidney J. Furie), two kids trying to get married despite parents and the caprice of registrar's offices. Individual freshness, a social problem, and a realist approach more than make up for an inexperience that sometimes loses the tautness. I think we may see and hear more of Mr Furie.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Testing Time

I WAS shocked to see quoted in the *Observer* a description of Ed Murrow's voice as 'the voice of an unfrocked bishop'. 'Unfrocked', with its suggestion of seedy disreputability, seems to me quite wrong: Mr Murrow's television *persona*, which consists largely of his voice, plus glimpses of that crumpled, decent face, is indeed that of a bishop and an important one—chairman, I would guess, of one of the preparatory committees of the Lambeth Conference; but he is emphatically not a bishop in disgrace but a bishop in mufti, one who has shed his purple stock and pectoral cross to reconnoitre a heathen terrain, himself unscathed, on behalf of the forces of light.

Mr Murrow has followed his famous Oppenheimer interview with an exhaustive investigation, in his *See It Now* series, of the dangers of nuclear radio-activity. This programme, called *Fall-out*, lasts 80 minutes and was broadcast by the BBC late one night last week—the only painful aspect of this being that some of it clashed with a serious, though less weighty, report on kleptomania by Dan Farson.

It might be thought that so long a programme as Mr Murrow's would become monotonous; but, in fact, it is the 'Well, I'm afraid that's all we have time for' of the typical British TV interview whose hurried superficiality begins to pall. Mr

Most men brave peril,
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Murrow can go into detail: he can force his subjects, in his tellingly undramatic way, to dredge up from the corners of their minds just the facts and arguments that they would never have used if a time-limit of two or three minutes had let them get away with something more plausible. Not that he is always *versus* rather than *vis-à-vis* them: on this occasion, one of his most rewarding interviews was with an editor in a small town 90 miles from the Nevada testing-ground—a steady, conventional, likeable man who would not ordinarily, one felt, be a crusader; he had been stirred to protest by such disquieting incidents as the death from leukæmia of a robust eight-year-old farm-boy, and by the offhand arrogance with which districts such as his (like English coastal villages doomed by the technocrats who site nuclear power-stations) are dismissed as 'virtually uninhabited'.

The attitude of some of the scientists on the USA's Atomic Energy Commission is the contemporary *trahison des clercs*; and Mr Murrow displayed the best-known of them, Dr Libby, at his full, unappetising length: pleasant, glib manner, all the technical know-how and know-what, narrow eyes set close together, the smiler with the strontium 90.

The point about the ample time available to Mr Murrow is important here. If he had been interviewing Dr Libby for *Tonight* he would not have been able to explore so thoroughly the subsidiary, but significant, episode of the AEC's misleading communiqué on last autumn's underground test: the original statement that this had not been detected more than 250 miles from the explosion—serviceable for the propaganda of those who oppose the suspension of tests—was false and was, reluctantly and belatedly, admitted by the AEC to be false. As Murrow probed, those eyes became mere slits, but the hygienic mouth smiled on: the false communiqué had been put out through 'a pure inadvertence'; it was 'just a plain mistake'. Mr Murrow never rubs in a point, and there was no need to: we expect not merely integrity but infallibility in those who claim the right to poison the atmosphere for our good.

For of course Dr Libby is inspired by what seem to him the highest motives. He wants to make nuclear weapons 'clean'. His philosopher's stone is the 'small clean bomb'—for practical as well as ethical reasons, since, as he put it, 'if we wanted to take a canal, for instance, it would be embarrassing to use small dirty bombs—it would spread too much radio-activity around'. See? He's as humane as you or I or Dr Oppenheimer or Mr Murrow—within the terms of reference of the Atomic Energy Commission. He knows better than you and I that all nuclear testing involves a risk; but Mr Murrow drew from him the assurance that it is 'a tolerable risk'. Some tests mean only 'a little dribble' of fall-out 'here and there'. By comparison with the largest bombs, A-bombs are almost cosy nowadays: 'these little fellows will sprinkle a band of fall-out round the world at about the latitude of Nevada'.

Besides the interviews with these distinguished human beings, the programme included some grisly shots of very important beasts at an 'atomic animal farm'—mice inhaling vaporised strontium 90, sows that had been fed pellets of it, sheep with burn-marks on their skin. The BBC, which did a notable service to humanity by renting this brilliant and unhysterical CBS programme, will more than double its educational value by broadcasting it again at a better viewing time. Those now seeking to enlighten the public on these matters might try to get the film from CBS for private showing.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

TOUCH OF EVIL

SIR,—Without being quite so foolish as to set my name to that odious thing, a 'reply to the critic', perhaps I may add a few oddments of information to Mr Whitebait's brief reference to my picture *Touch of Evil* (what a silly title, by the way; it's the first time I've heard it). Most serious film reviewers appear to be quite without knowledge of the hard facts involved in manufacturing and, especially, merchandising a motion picture. Such innocence, I'm sure, is very proper to their position; it is, therefore, not your critic I venture to set straight, but my own record. As author-director I was not—and normally would not be—consulted on the matter of the 'release' of my film without a press showing. That this is an 'odd subterfuge', I agree; but there can be no speculation as to the responsibility for such a decision. As to the reason, one can only assume that the distributor was so terrified of what the critics might write about it that a rash attempt was made to evade them altogether and smuggle *Touch of Evil* directly to the public. This is understandable in the light of the wholesale re-editing of the film by the executive producer, a process of re-hashing in which I was forbidden to participate. Confusion was further confounded by several added scenes which I did not write and was not invited to direct. No wonder Mr Whitebait speaks of muddle.

He is kind enough to say that 'like Graham Greene' I have 'two levels'. To his charge that I have 'let the higher slip' I plead not guilty. When Mr Greene finishes one of his 'entertainments' he is immediately free to set his hand to more challenging enterprises. His typewriter is always available; my camera is not. A typewriter needs only paper; a camera uses film, requires subsidiary equipment by the truck-load and several hundreds of technicians. That is always the central fact about the film-maker as opposed to any other artist: he can never afford to own his own tools. The minimum kit is incredibly expensive; and one's opportunities to work with it are rather less numerous than might be supposed. In my case, I've been given the use of my tools exactly eight times in 20 years. Just once my own editing of the film has been the version put into release; and (excepting the Shakespearean experiments) I have only twice been given any voice at all as to the 'level' of my subject matter. In my trunks stuffed with unproduced film scripts, there are no thrillers. When I make this sort of picture—for which I can pretend to no special interest or aptitude—it is not 'for the money' (I support myself as an actor) but because of a greedy need to exercise, in some way, the function of my choice: the function of director. Quite baldly, this is my only choice. I have to take whatever comes along from time to time, or accept the alternative, which is not working at all.

Mr Whitebait revives my own distress at the shapeless poverty of Macbeth's castle. That papier mâché stagy effect in my film was dictated by a 'B-Minus' budget with a 'quickie' shooting schedule of 20 days. Returning to the current picture, since he comments on the richness of 'the urban scenery of the Mexican border' perhaps Mr Whitebait will be amused to learn that all shooting was in Hollywood. There was no attempt to approximate reality; the film's entire 'world' being the director's invention.

Finally, while the style of *Touch of Evil* may be somewhat overly baroque, there are positively no 'camera tricks'. Nowadays the eye is tamed, I think, by the new wide screens. These 'systems' with their rigid technical limitations are in such monopoly that any vigorous use of the old black-and-white, normal aperture camera runs the risk of seeming 'tricky' by comparison. The old camera permits of a range of visual conventions as removed from 'realism' as grand opera. This is a language, not a bag of tricks. If it is now a dead language, as a candid partisan of the old eloquence, I must face the likelihood that I shall not again be able to put it to the service of any theme of my own choosing.

Rome ORSON WELLES

JUNG AND THE JEWS

SIR,—As one of the oldest pupils of C. G. Jung in this country and also a Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany, I cannot allow Mr Parelhoff's letter in your number of 17 May to go unchallenged. Let me start by saying that his 'quotations' are either distorted, torn from their context, or just invented. For reasons of space I can only select a few typical examples.

I do not want to enter into the argument on Jung's book on *The Undiscovered Self* except to point out that in it he is clearly concerned with the *present day* conflict between individual and collectivity (the original German title is *Gegenwart und Zukunft—Present and Future*). For this reason, for instance, he chooses for his argument Russia as the actual, most powerful exponent of collective psychology. Regarding Nazi Germany, Jung had previously expressed himself with sufficient clarity when he spoke of the concentration camps as 'the most monstrous crime of all ages' and accused Germany of having 'betrayed European culture and all its values', 'brought shame and dishonour' on Europe, and of having 'tortured and murdered his European brothers' (*Essays on Contemporary Events*, 1947, pp. 48 and 49). It seems hardly necessary to add to this.

What, particularly, asks for an answer is the dishonest way of 'quoting' Jung. Let me give instances. There is, first of all, Jung's 'pro-dictatorship "lecture"' in Vienna (now in the *Collected Works*, vol. 17, pp. 165-186). In fact, this lecture is, and was meant to be, the exact opposite: a demarcation of true personality—'an act of high courage flung into the face of life, the absolute affirmation of all that constitutes the individual . . .' and implying 'the greatest possible freedom for self determination' (l.c., p. 171)—from 'the power intoxicated devil' of Caesarean madness' (l.c., p. 180).

It takes a good deal of ill will to construe this lecture as a plea for dictatorship. But as Mr Parelhoff seems so familiar with Jung's writings, he might also have quoted from another lecture, delivered in Germany in February 1933, in the face of Nazi success. There he contrasts once more 'so-called leaders' (*'Führer'*) who 'are unavoidable symptoms of a mass movement' with 'the true leaders of mankind' who 'are always those who . . . have consciously kept aloof from the blind instinctual law (*Naturgesetzlichkeit*) of the moved mass' (*Wirklichkeit der Seele*, 1934, p. 64). Needless to say that it took a good deal of courage to say these words about 'so-called leaders' in the Germany of 1933!

Regarding Jung's introductory words in the *Zentralblatt* about the 'distinctions between German and Jewish psychology', Mr Parelhoff conveniently omits that Jung, in a following sentence, categorically dissociates himself from the attempt to turn such distinctions into a depreciation.

Another distortion in the grand style appears in Mr Parelhoff's account of Jung's article on 'The Present Status of Psychotherapy'. Nowhere does Jung speak of 'the extraordinary accomplishments of National Socialism, and of the wonders to be expected'. Nor does he 'contrast the deficiences of the "Jewish psychology" with the superiorities of the "Aryan psychology"'. What he does is to contrast the *mutual* advantages and disadvantages. Thus he talks of the 'higher' and 'wider' awareness of the Jew as belonging to a 'cultural race' with a past of 3,000 years. On account of this higher level of consciousness and differentiation the average Jew is 'no longer pregnant with the tensions of an unborn future' whereas 'the Aryan unconscious has a higher potential than the Jewish, which is the advantage and disadvantage of youthfulness not yet completely removed from barbarism'.

Concerning the articles in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Mr Parelhoff again chooses to misquote. According to him Jung had said that 'Jewish psychology had long been his problem' and that 'in 1913 he wrote it officially on his banner—a necessary reform in psychology'. What Jung did say is this: 'For a long time I have broached it (the Jewish problem). I have not only spoken of it since the (Nazi) revolution, but since 1913 I have written on my banner the criticism of the subjective psychological premise as a necessary reform of psychology'. Jung quite clearly refers here to the 'personal equation' (which, among other things, had made him demand very early the analysis of analysts). This 'personal equation', or subjective premise, includes, as he frequently emphasised, among other factors also the collective psyche, and with that the racial pattern.

As far as Jung's 'defence of his collaboration with the Nazis' is concerned, Jung made it perfectly clear that he had accepted the presidency of the *International* (not the German!) Society for Psychotherapy in order to save psychotherapy in Germany. In fact, at his suggestion a special paragraph was included in the constitution of the International Society enabling German Jewish doctors to join the international organisation individually and thus to remain full members.

Regarding the *Two Essays*, I challenge Mr Parelhoff to show me a single word of 'anti-Semitic theories'. The passage on p. 149 of the Collected Works (vol. 7) which he refers to is the exact opposite of an 'anti-Semitic theory'. It is again concerned with Jung's life-long interest in the collective psyche and its manifestations. Talking about 'differences within the collective psyche', as for instance 'differences of race', Jung adds a footnote in which he declares it a mistake 'to accept the conclusions of a Jewish psychology as generally valid' just as 'nobody would dream of taking Chinese or Indian psychology as binding upon ourselves'. He goes on: 'The cheap accusation of anti-Semitism that has been levelled at me on the ground of this criticism is about as intelligent as accusing me of an anti-Chinese prejudice'.

You may agree or disagree with Jung's theories. That is beside the point. What matters is the honesty of attitude. But the source of Mr Parelhoff's venom comes out clearly in—Mr Parelhoff's word—the 'asininity' of talking about Jung's 'long-known aberrations'. Aberrations from what? From Mr Parelhoff's private complexes? Or from orthodox psychoanalysis? Does Mr Parelhoff realise that 'aberrations' are sometimes called 'discoveries'?

Let me conclude with a personal remark. I have been in close contact with Jung for nearly 30 years and also with practically all his pupils all over the world. There are many Jews and refugees among us, and not a few in leading positions. None of us has ever experienced anything but friendship and active support—also against the Nazis—from Jung. To all of us the ill-founded presentation of Jung as anti-Semite and pro-Nazi is just utter ignorance or, worse, slander.

GERHARD ADLER

HUMANISM AND THE BBC

SIR,—Dr Margaret Knight's plea must be taken seriously. First, and outweighing all other considerations, because Christians condemn as 'persecution' any attempt to impede our own right of propaganda. Second, because it is a sad indictment against us if we appear to be afraid to let the Truth stand in its own right. Third, because Christians and Humanists need each other. One does not concede the quite questionable thesis that the two stand in direct opposition. But even if one did, in an age urgent for truth and peace, we have a common task.

In a book first published one hundred years ago, *Theological Essays*, the Rev. F. D. Maurice said that much of our apologetic language was impertinent and unchristian. 'We fall into it because we look upon objectors as opponents whom it is desirable to silence, partly because we think that the interests of theology demands more dogmatic assertion . . .'

We must recognise that Humanism springs not from the sin of hubris, but in a desire for ruthless integrity before the facts. There may be more facts than the Humanist admits; restriction of debate will not make that any clearer.

T. J. FOINETTE

5 Queens Road
Lipson
Plymouth

SIR,—Mrs Knight's admirable exposure of BBC official hypocrisy on this matter rather oversimplifies the trouble. It is not only in specifically religious

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

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Dr. NICOLAS MALLESON
Children of Hiroshima

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Dr. ALEX COMFORT
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R. W. BRIGINSHAW

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broadcasts that the absurd antiquated one-sidedness manifests itself but in all the regular BBC discussion programmes. Around Easter time this year an Any Questions panel containing only one non-lay member pretended to deal with a question asked by someone concerned for the increasing secularisation (or 'commercialisation') of Easter and in no time it was the empty churches that occupied the forefront of the discussion. Such is the subtle sway of Auntie BBC that not one member of the team dared to hint that congregating could be a vice as well as a virtue or that in the year 1958 ritual incantations to a semi-prehistoric primitive tribal god might not constitute a valid test of either personal virtue or public citizenship. Plainly to do so would have cost the speaker all prospect of a repeat performance on this or any similar programme. Finally, while Mrs Knight despairs of abolishing in the near future the Department of Religious Broadcasting, could we not hope (with Mr Kenneth Hudson acting as umpire, perhaps) for the very early abolition of the religious *voice*?

GEORGE RICHARDS

Mount Pleasant Road
Poole

[We are obliged for reasons of space to hold over many letters on this subject.—ED., *NS*.]

THE REVOLT OF COMMON SENSE

SIR,—Protesting against irresponsible emotive language, Mr Martin Shelton declares: 'This is the identical language used by the authors, critics and television dons who address the Campaign's meetings. . . .' How many meetings organised by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has Mr Shelton attended? I must remind him that the Oxford meeting was not organised by the Campaign but by Oxford people. Again, the marches and other demonstrations are not planned by the Campaign but by other organisations that up to now have worked quite independently. Finally, the Campaign has never taken a 'people versus politicians' line, though we do believe that the question of nuclear deterrents should be brought out into the open, where it belongs. And I would remind him that my original article in this paper began with a reference to what had happened at the Labour Party Conference, when a door was slammed in our faces. Incidentally, the chief reason why so many of our meetings are addressed by 'authors, critics and television dons' is that many people, probably more responsible and less emotional than we are, who happen to share our views on nuclear armaments, feel that their official status or commitments make it impossible for them to appear on public platforms. A good deal of quiet but effective pressure is being brought to bear against the Campaign, especially outside London—with shopkeepers told to take down our bills advertising meetings, and so forth. Meanwhile, I suggest that charges of irresponsibility should be based on responsible evidence.

J. B. PRIESTLEY
(Chairman, Public Relations Cmtee
Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament)

SIR,—In reply to your first question the Communist Party, while not advocating unilateral nuclear disarmament, wishes to unite on the broadest front those who support nuclear disarmament—whether unilaterally or by international agreement—against those who oppose nuclear disarmament altogether. Hence we support the campaign, which is not committed by its published aims to unilateral nuclear disarmament, whatever some prominent speakers may say.

Your second question is too naive. The Communist Party from its foundation—and Marxists before that—have supported all mass movements, by whomsoever started, which made for working-class solidarity. Didn't you know that?

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

53 Victoria Road
Oxford

EMINENT CLICHÉS

SIR,—In the review of Lady Diana Cooper's *The Rainbow Comes and Goes* in your issue of 17 May, John Raymond writes: '"Brilliant and fresh and charming" exclaims Lord David Cecil (original as ever) in a puff'. May I, as a copy-writer for a publishing house, endorse Mr Raymond's contempt for the weary clichés habitually trotted out by eminent critics? They stalk through my dreams at night and brighten my blushes while correcting advertisement proofs by day. (However, Mr Raymond is not much better—a few lines later he states that the book is 'witty, original and modish'.) In conclusion, sir, you may have missed these lines which were lately reprinted in the Centenary Number of the *Bookseller*:

'Baffling, absorbing, astounding, inspiring',
'Deliciously piquant', 'original', 'grand',
'Humour unflagging', 'invention untiring',
'With Dickens and Thackeray fitted to stand',
'Breathless', 'exciting', 'sensational', 'ripping',
'Highly dramatic', 'a masterpiece', 'great',
'Poignant', 'authentic', 'convincing and gripping',—
So the reviews and advertisements state.

'Masterful', 'marvellous', 'massive', 'amazing',
'Witty and wise', 'every promise fulfils',
'Dazzling', 'dumbfoundering', 'daring and dazing',
'Packed full of action', 'abounding in thrills',
'Charmingly whimsical, 'striking', 'compelling',
'Technic enormous', 'it marks an advance',
'All other writers of fiction excelling',
'A wealth of ideas', 'a brilliant romance'.

Thus the reviewers in rapturous chorus:
Thus the book-booster composing his brays.
Ripped are whole pages from Roget's 'Thesaurus',
Piled upon Ossa a Pelion of praise.
Greatest of novels, beyond contradiction.
Here is a triumph that none may deny;
This is the ultimate whisper in fiction.
Surely you'll read it. No? Neither shall I.

MILES HUDDLESTON

London, NW8

SEX IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—As a public schoolboy myself, I feel that I must write to say how much I agree with 'Head Boy' on the narrow-minded attitude of the Public Schools as regards sex. This is simply one example of the many evils caused by their narrow and unrealistic views on such subjects as sex, religion, tradition, and society in general. Apologists for the Public Schools who write so vociferously to the newspapers of the fine, deep-rooted traditions they embrace invariably forget the often irreparable harm they can inflict upon a boy's character. I feel sure that the Public Schools as they are today are unacceptable to most reasonable people and it is therefore to be hoped that the Labour Party, if elected to power, will pursue their Educational Policy uncompromisingly.

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY

SIR,—It was with great interest that we read the letter on sex in Public Schools on 17 May as this is a subject we feel should be brought to public notice. In a girls' public school, although friendships between boys and girls are quite normal, frequent correspondence is frowned upon and meetings forbidden. Repression like this during the term can lead to trouble in the holidays. However, it seems to us that at day schools the whole thing is treated more openly and therefore as boys and girls are able to meet out of school hours, their behaviour towards each other is more moderate.

Some parents perhaps tend to fail to inform their children about sex and the facts of life either thinking they are too young or that they will pick it up at school. This they invariably do, but their attitude to the facts of love becomes one of morbid curiosity, because they are misinformed and only given the highly-exaggerated views of newspapers and magazines.

We also feel we are 'letting the side down badly' so please withhold our names.

TWO SCHOOLGIRLS

AID FOR AFRICANS

SIR,—The Community of the Resurrection have handed to me a cheque for £160 which is to be used to help people in the Zeerust area. I am most grateful to the readers of the NEW STATESMAN for this practical demonstration of their sympathy with the people there and would assure you that I shall take care to see that this money is used for them as judiciously as possible.

AMBROSE JOHANNESBURG

Bishop's House
Westcliff
Johannesburg

THE LEFT IN THE THIRTIES

SIR,—Critic was kind enough to mention the ULR Club's exhibition on the Left in the Thirties. The exhibition opens next week, and we would be grateful if readers who can lend us relevant material—pamphlets, periodicals, posters, photographs—could send it as soon as possible to the address below, or could bring it to our meeting on the Thirties next Wednesday.

RALPH SAMUEL
MICHAEL SEGAL

Universities & Left Review Club
7 Carlisle Street
Soho Square, W1

BERTOLT BRECHT

SIR,—We are preparing for publication two volumes of translations of the plays of Bertolt Brecht. May I, through your columns, ask anyone who has translated any of his plays, or excerpts or songs from plays, to communicate with me, sending if possible, a short example of his work?

JOHN CULLEN

Methuen & Co., Ltd.

Lord Percy of Newcastle

SOME MEMORIES

Robert Blake:

'One of the most stimulating and enlightening political autobiographies that have appeared in recent times.' (*Sunday Times*)

D. W. Brogan:

'Packed with original estimates of men and institutions.' (*Spectator*) (21s)

Mauriac

QUESTIONS OF PRECEDENCE

The latest addition to the collected novels of François Mauriac.

Walter Allen:

'It would be difficult to find a more horrifying exposure of the savage cruelty of snobbery, and its consequences.' (*New Statesman*)

Kenneth Young:

'A glancing and powerful mind at its suggestive best in a novel of spiritual, unsectarian genius.' (*D. Telegraph*) (12s 6d)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Paint in America

NOTHING attracts like an idea. When artistic Europe saw itself falling for American abstract painting and, enraptured, plunged deliberately head over heels, what captivated it was not any visible picture or painter but the American idea. The tributes that European painters paid and are paying to paint itself, to the automatic splash and trickle of it, and the glamour of its crude nature as it comes from the tin, are tributes in fact to the logical necessity of a certain line of thought.

The infatuation has proceeded almost independent of its real object. The idea of American painting has worked an extraordinary liberation, a liberation from ideas about painting, which has a particular force for the self-conscious painter in Europe. But it is doubtful if there is a painter in Europe who loves many real American pictures. It is not easy here even to know many, and books like this one, with good reproductions of large numbers of good examples of both fashionable and other kinds, are needed*. At present, when a representative collection of American pictures is imported, it is not much enjoyed. There seem to be too many pictures, or too few by too many artists, or the wrong ones (even when they are the best). The size of the gestures they make looks out of scale. *Something* is always wrong. In Europe one might suppose that the American achievement consisted in nothing so much as its idea, in the cynical realism with which it has boiled down the æsthetic of the age. Here in Europe the paint to which painting is reduced embodies a principle – a faith pursued to its fatalistic extremity (and the fatalism is chic) – but not much else.

Seen in America, American painting embodies something very different. Quite another meaning fills it. The programme and the line of talk are seen to serve something else, which no one has been able to imitate or export.

In any art anywhere there is something more radical than the idea. There is a visual substance older than the intention, older than the skills and devices: it is there before style can be there. The essential base of art is in the place before there is an artist; understanding art, we comprehend both together – the common substance and the specific expression. Just as it was possible once for Europe to borrow the Corinthian order whole, from curling head to foot, without understanding the Renaissance in the least, for lack of its Italian substance, so now the flourishes of the American style travel everywhere, but without the meaning which they derive from the imaginative landscape of a specific community at a certain time.

To know anything about this art (about any art, perhaps) one must know almost everything. One may start anywhere. Look, for example, at the paint itself in its most famous manifestations – at the indispensable strand of white paint in Jackson Pollock's net, or the white strips in the painting of Bradley Tomlin. Grasping the substance that this one colour possesses in its own world, we have to reconstruct elements which are there effortlessly assumed and retrieve something immemorial (of which perhaps no American will tell us). First, as always, we have to share senses of structure and material which are native to the place; we have to recognise the abstracted physique of forms and qualities which are everywhere supplied by building.

When De Tocqueville a century and a half ago found that the little marble palaces along the shore of the Hudson River were made of wood it seemed to him the final give-away, the clearest sign of what democracy, the rule of quantity over quality, does to the arts. One of the few disappointments in the welcome new collection of Sir Herbert Read's essays is that when he read De Tocqueville on American art he felt there was no more to say†. It is the quality of wood which has lasted in America and remains as strong as ever, a quality as definite and pervasive as marble ever gave to a country, and one that similarly supplies the base of life and imagination. The classical material of American building is wood and the characteristic structure is clapboard, framed surfaces of overlapping strips. It is painted white. Here at the outset we have elementary preconceptions (our bungalows, *potting-sheds*) and an elephantine condescension to discard. We have also, even though we recognise that American architecture is the great architecture of the last two hundred years, a deeper adjustment to make, an adjustment of fantasy as well as sense to a new direction, as positive as the direction that we associate with De Tocqueville's marble and opposite to it, a direction which only to us seems uninhabited by marble's lovely associations. The adjustment may be hardly possible without the place to give the clue.

If we can make the adjustment, the conception of building takes on a new and specific meaning. In America the idea of structure envisages a broad assembly of slender parts, standing squarely, but with a quality of light attentiveness, independent but aware. The construction balances vertical against horizontal, major upright members against the delicate level ruling of boarded surfaces. In the balance there is the most lively serenity: it is recognisably embodied in the colour, the white paint.

All this formal meaning – the counterpart of a certain human stance and frame of mind – is contained in American white paint. It was there almost from the start, in the broad American canvases of Copley, in their sharp white planes with thin overlapping edges and the level grooves of human features, the signs of an incomparably sharp and level vision. Copley raises to great art the qualities of whiteness and strip-like straightness and thinness – the qualities of linen and straight looks from lined faces – which make beautiful the symbolic presentations (very near to the common base of art) of the journeymen-portraitists who were also house-painters.

The other implication of architectural whiteness, the balance of vertical against horizontal, and the togate stoicism of mood, was similarly fixed in painting at the outset, in the early style of Benjamin West who carried an essential quality of Pennsylvania, naively preserved within him, to Rome and London. It remains the strongest of all the country's patterns, and unimaginably stronger in America than in any other place or style. The frame of horizontal and vertical which building makes, now more than ever, is communicated to every structure, every visible system of intervals, every surface. Its meaning, its regular reference, is communicated to forms which are not rectangular at all but freely curving and capricious, the freer for the presence of the frame. The clapboard frame house (any house, old or new, of those around almost any town) sets up a rhythm which extends beyond it, sideways and also upward, among the trees (typically, the house is built among trees, wood among wood). The rhythms catch hold among the branches; trunks and limbs are claimed in order by the same system. (The trees take on a special, different look: no doubt they are different; no doubt they originally gave some of their special character to building.) The white-painted building imparts its order high into the threading arabesque, and the clear grey of sun-brightened bark which is the natural accompaniment of white in America and American painting (the random symmetry produced involuntarily and invariably by Pollock never looks arbitrary again after this), and out into the sky. The sky is the far, continental sky, which the European never sees, with its distant, extreme blue. Wherever there is white paint, this colour too is in mind. When the colours come together, with their peculiar, fluorescent-seeming sharpness, in the canvases of Bradley Tomlin, the combination is immediately recognised.

The whiteness of building and paint is enriched with still further associations. Their whiteness is also the white of paper. The black and white of print, and its characteristic forms, contribute to the white and black of painting. The bold, bad letter-forms (as they look in Europe, where graphic style is fixed in a shape as clearly *cut* as De Tocqueville's marble) have a serious force which here we can hardly read, the force of a communal ideal in which independence and ungoverned enterprise are inseparable. (There is more of American art on the reverse of a one-dollar bill than in any European commentary.) The broad letter, with its fat vertical stroke balanced, naturally, against thin horizontals, forms the concentrated basis of a new style, resting, as style does anywhere, on the style of the society. The natural graphic consistency of America, the unity of free, disparate shapes – the consistency of the clustering proliferation of signs over any sidewalk – belongs to a country in which the natural consistency and unity is simply the new, unknown consistency of human behaviour let loose in an immense and empty space. This style is cut, not as marble is but in the manner that sheet-metal is cut, in the same sharp manner as the cluster of signs – the metal arrows pointing with internal fluorescent light to this or that, metal sea-food, dry goods and the curling metal signatures of soft drinks –

* *New Art in America.* Edited by JOHN I. H. BAUR. *George Rainbird: New York Graphic Society.* £8 8*s.*

† *The Tenth Muse.* By HERBERT READ. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

are cut out against the continental sky. Seen in place, the cut shapes of Stuart Davis call to mind, never the *papiers collés* of Matisse but their own grand, fluorescent source. Seen there, it is precisely the serif-like terminations to Bradley Tomlin's strips of paint that give them the quality of characters spelling out the consistency of natural disorder and representing with material realism a real place.

In some such way the resources of painting snowball, accumulating meaning and depositing it in the raw material of art. All this, and more, is contained in the white of American painters. It is already in the tin, when they buy it. It is on the canvas before they touch it. To reconstruct in Europe the artistic substance of America may be hardly possible: its connection with our own is often slight. Its antecedents are no more than half European: its birth and rebirth are wholly American. No other art is likely to be born again in just this way, in the American shape. The paint in its pot is different.

Why did the American idea not occur to anyone before? It did: it was in the air in Europe for a quarter of a century. It required to be filled with the unique American substance, the material poetry of the country, to gain its present force. *New Art in America*, which is beautiful, and characteristic in its abundance of everything, of painters of every kind in whom the marvellous imaginative substance of the country is richly present or barely perceptible or horribly lacking, unfortunately stops at just the point at which this issue is posed, with Pollock. Nevertheless, anyone who feels the visual spell of America will want it.

LAWRENCE GOWING

Relationship

This ring I thread upon
Your finger, not being much
And simply taken off
It is not much to wear
It is so simply formed
No superscription, none
Of flower or cuneiform
Or mythological beast
Or stone
Can tax its worth up.

It is the love pierced through
Your symbol which I give;
And what you make of that
Endows its real worth. And
Upon your small white limb
Such ring as flashes and cries
Invisibly, is all
The intangible wealth you have
Which I have given you; and
It is a certain sign
Of what you have given how you
Take the ring to you.

Such ring is made of gold
Such ring is artefact;
I give this ring to you
I give this gold thing to you
I put it through your hand
You put that through again;
This ring from me is yours.

JON SILKIN

Not So Utopian

World Peace through World Law. By GRENVILLE CLARK and LOUIS B. SOHN. *Oxford: Harvard.* 60*s.*

This is a courageous book, a blue-print for perpetual peace. Blue-prints for perpetual or even temporary world-peace have never been popular among those who arrogantly claim to be practical men, and the corpse of the League and the paralytic United Nations seem to confirm their belief that any scheme for supranational government, for substituting international law for international war, must be the ridiculous daydream of a crank. Mr Clark and Mr Sohn's scheme has an ancient and respectable ancestry through the UN and the League back to Kant and the Grand Design. It is easy, in the light of recent history and of the present chaos in the world and inside men's heads, to ridicule this new Grand Design, which comes to us from America, as an impossible Utopia. Yet some things have changed in the world and human affairs in the few hundred years since the first Grand Design for perpetual peace, even in the few years since the last world conqueror appropriately died like a rat in his cellar, and the changes have been of the kind and degree which make it perhaps worth while to examine seriously and objectively what the authors of the book have to say for themselves and their scheme.

The terrible change which has revolutionised our world and made all previous international organisation and thought out of date is, of course, nuclear armament. War, as we all know – for was it not written in the German gospel of Clausewitz? – before Hiroshima was the continuation of diplomacy in another form; the hydrogen bomb has made nonsense of this and of Clausewitz. To say that war today is a method of diplomacy is as sensible as to say that murder and suicide are methods of argument. Before 1945 war with conventional weapons still left the combatants, when peace came, in existence, capable of resuming their diplomacy or argument; our bombs today, if they are used, will ensure only one thing, namely that both combatants – and the combatants are the millions of human beings organised in states and nations – will be physically obliterated.

It follows that it has become for the first time in the history of the human race an urgent immediate necessity, a matter literally of life or death, to prevent war. It is here, at this precise spot, that Mr Clark and Mr Sohn and their book begin. They maintain – as indeed practically everyone who has considered the problem in the last 100 years has been forced to maintain – that, if war is really to be abolished, it must be effected through an international organisation which establishes world peace on the basis of a world law. The object of the book is to work out in detail the kind of organisation which would have to be set up if the statesmen and states of the world really determined to avoid the final cataclysm by substituting world law for world wars. The main problems of human government, after several thousand years of trial and error – whether around the village pump or the green baize table – have few mysteries, in the sense that if the ends are known there is not much difficulty in determining the means for attaining them. So with the abolition of war and the establishment of law, our experience around the village pump, in the courts of princes, in the parliaments of democracy, and the League of Nations, aided by a long line of blue-prints, have drawn the main lines of procedure for avoiding the H-bomb and annihilation. The blue-print of the authors of this book wisely follows these lines of experience. Today it is, of course, Utopian, but it is none the less well worth study; for here we have in black and white, worked out in minute detail, a scheme which, in its main lines, the statesmen of the Great Powers would have to follow if at a summit conference they really did agree on nuclear disarmament and the establishment of peace.

It would be useless at this stage to consider the author's scheme in detail. Naturally there are several features in it which it would be legitimate to oppose if one were considering it as the basis for discussion in a committee of the ultimate peace conference. Here we may usefully note the bare fact that it is a sagacious mixture of audacity and circumspection; it does go the whole hog, but only where the whole hog is really necessary. The idea is to revise the United Nations Charter by abolishing the Security Council and by making a new General Assembly and an Executive Council, elected by the Assembly, the main organs of the Organisation. Except for disarmanent and the establishment of peace, the powers of the Organisation are not materially altered. But drastic powers for working out and enforcing the disarmament of individual nations and of creating an international force are given to the General Assembly and the Executive Council. The new Covenant of the new United Nations is given clause by clause. Here is the text all ready for Mr Krushchev and Mr Eisenhower to consider if they ever mean business when they talk of peace and disarmament. No doubt it all sounds terribly Utopian, but perhaps the moment has already arrived when there is no alternative to annihilation but Utopia.

LEONARD WOOLF

Guide to the Angrys

The Angry Decade. By KENNETH ALLSOP. *Peter Owen.* 21*s.*

I thought of calling Mr Allsop's book the Baedeker for the cultural tourist in Earls Court and Sloane Square. But it would be an unfair comparison: Baedeker is no use to you unless you are prepared to do the work – footwork, eyework, cryptography with its tightly printed symbols. This guide to the Angrys is designed to save you doing this work. One evening, and you can talk about Osborne, or Wain, or Wilson, as glibly and stupidly as the cinema-goer can talk about the Grand Canyon after seeing a Fitzpatrick travelogue. Mr Allsop has read them, talked to them, docketed them, summarised them, got off a few good phrases about them – and produced a catalogue whose chief merit lies in the fact that no-one else managed to do it first.

It is, let me admit, described as a 'survey': Mr Allsop has some opinions scattered through the text, but all of them are fairly obvious and some of them are platitudes dressed up in the strangest analogies. Item: 'If the traditional "writer" is to literature what the rock-gardener has been to horticulture, Dennis might be said to be one of those do-it-yourself flame-throwing kits advertised in gardening journals for swiftly disposing of weeds and underbrush'. Item: 'So, bleeding most profusely of all, yet certainly not an ideological (sic) slummer like Anderson, here is Osborne in his worst piece of writing yet'. Item: Jimmy Porter's protest was 'a blow against the gossipy, lazy, narcissistic machine which, while excluding the nation rather as the villagers were

excluded from the hunt ball, performs in the name of the nation policies so successfully blurred of definition and filleted of resolution that Britain drifts, wallowing, ever nearer to the rocks'. I got the point of this last quotation. But it seems to me to be writing that is loaded with images for their own sake, that relies on comparisons that add nothing, rather in the style of the traveller who explains that Broadway is the Champs Elysées of New York (which it isn't). Not that Mr Allsop is wildly inaccurate – except for the occasion where he mixes up Giles and Esmond Romilly, believing that the prisoner of Colditz is the dead editor of *Out of Bounds* and compounds this mistake by further reference to the 'Giles Romilly period'. No, he has done an average sort of job. But since the authors he is summarising are all in print, and the subject of continuing debate, why bother to de-gut them?

If Mr Allsop had something to say himself, he might have written a useful critical essay on what he calls 'the cultural revolt of the Nineteen-Fifties'. But his only point is that anyone evaluating this decade from 1984

> . . . will see a sensitive, emotional, intelligent but wretchedly neurotic society, obedient to protocol beneath the exhibitionist 'rebelling', and obsessively class-conscious. . Britain put itself through a straightening-out process of democratisation and economic levelling, and has come out at the other end with many of the old values still intact, in a different place, and slightly exacerbated by the disruption, which might be likened to a bump in the linoleum when you look round it's heaved up behind you, and anyway the pattern is the same.

Maybe, and if so, why? Maybe, but so what? That is where Mr Allsop should have begun his book.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Keeping Your Distance

There Was a Young Man. By H. M. BURTON. *Bles.* 15*s.*

The theme of Mr Burton's autobiography – the progress of one of the earliest working-class scholarship-boys into the professional classes – is both timely and important. He has written a very pleasant and readable book. But I think he fails, as the rest of us who have recently approached this subject have failed, to do more than raid its surface.

Two problems predominate in a work of this kind – those of distance and tone, of our relationship to our material and to our readers. Mr Burton begins his book:

> There is a recognised and licensed nostalgia for the scenes of one's boyhood, provided they are sufficiently picturesque. John Buchan rightly rejoiced in his Border country, but even if you hail from some shaft-pitted valley of South Wales it lingers green and romantic in the memory.
>
> Yet the love of the Londoner, even the Londoner of some undistinguished suburb, for the playgrounds of his earliest years is no less real – which proves only how subjective is this emotion of retrospect. By no flight of poesy, no ecstatic prose, could the little streets of Fulham be made to glow. . . .

But who 'recognises and licenses' our emotions, whether nostalgic or angry? Who requires us to make the streets of Fulham or Ancoats 'glow'? If they glowed for us, and if we have enough discipline and imagination before our material, they will perhaps glow in our writing. But that *effect* is not our business whilst we are writing In its rather easily shared assumptions, its

Lady Diana Cooper

The Rainbow Comes and Goes

Lady Diana's prose is straightforward and manly. Hers is one of the most genuine self-portraits that I have encountered . . . It is a serious book written by a person of fine instincts.' HAROLD NICOLSON

'The years fell like autumn leaves and it was spring again as I read this magical evocation of once upon a time.' COMPTON MACKENZIE

'It has captivated me both as a picture of a vanished world and as the revelation of a character . . . The story is told with enchanting brio.' RAYMOND MORTIMER

'A beautiful, pitiful, poignant tale. . . . She writes like an angel who never learned how to spell. And at the heart of her book is a great love. If you want to believe (as I do) that we have been fortunate to have lived in this epic time, read Lady Diana's book – and read her on being a VAD in a London hospital 44 years ago. There is heroism. There is love. There is (as I believe) true sanctity.' JOHN CONNELL

'It is witty, original and modish and it cuts a stylistic dash splendidly out of keeping with the Espresso-machined prose that is now all the rage in almost all quarters . . . I have enjoyed every page of it. She is a born memoirist.' JOHN RAYMOND

Illustrated 25s

RUPERT HART-DAVIS

RED SKY AT NIGHT

Jo Capka 'Tale of service in 3 Air Forces and flight from 3 countries 'makes the reader jump out of his chair with excitement,' is 'stoically and tersely told' *and* 'is the first work of a new publisher and it is one which fully deserves to be a best seller.'' Phew! *2nd impression. Illus.* 16/-.

SUN TRAP

Felicity Shaw 'has sharp eye, particularly for Lebanese air-line officials, she can create Character and she possesses a feline sensitivity to atmosphere.' *T.L.S.*

THE BLACKMAILER

Isabel Colegate's tale will hold any reader's interest for she never lets the blackmail of best-selling run away with the plot. She is blest with a best-selling gift of narrative.'

'This is a first novel and brilliantly done.' *D. Worker.* 12/6.

out next week

THE LAST BOAT

People will admit this is 'different' even as they wince. Operation "Collapse" (sounds like NATO) goes horribly wrong for group of exotic delinquents on 'Pizza.' I laughed and hope you will too. **John Pollock.** *Drawings by Peter Dunbar.* 13/6.

RUSHING NOWHERE

TOM CHETWYND. A boy of 17 describes with much intensity the embarrassment, confusion, heartburn and delight of adolescence. An extraordinarily *accurate* work. 13/6.

BLOND

clichés of essayist's phrasing, its engaging low-temperature, the passage illustrates a common error – excessive awareness of the audience. It assumes too much that it is *presenting* something to *someone*. That 'someone' is bound to be both a cultural generalisation and an imaginative hindrance. The smoothness which is gained varnishes the prose-surface, so that the rough real texture of a personality finding its way through the significance of experience is not allowed to emerge. The result is [illegible]nt 'democritic' writing, decent dead democratic writing.

Perhaps the novel – re-creating experience, not defined by the audience – is the best way of exploring such a theme. But I believe non-fictional studies can be valuable, so long as we are prepared to engage with the difficulties of standing on a middle ground – of being tempted towards a discursive palliness or an impressionistic semi-fiction. We have chiefly to try to decide *where we are*, how to keep our distance, since we are without the protective cocoon of the essayist's tone and are unable to approach our experience through the kind of impersonality which fiction can give. But outside the novel, such a position is the only one likely to bring us near to creating the felt sense of experience.

This kind of book does lie frustratingly behind the book Mr Burton has actually written, especially in the second half where he speaks of psychological characteristics often carried into adult life by people with experiences similar to his – diffidence, lack of resilience, difficulty in acquiring a sense of community relationships and responsibilities. The perception, honesty and balance he can show here, and often elsewhere, make one really sorry he did not decide to settle down to much slower and lonelier work.

RICHARD HOGGART

Special Friendships
ROGER PEYREFITTE

Are sentimental friendships among boys dangerous? Does religion heighten adolescent emotional tension? Roger Peyrefitte's classic novel " reaches us now in Edward Hyam's superb translation in which it has lost none of its power. M. Peyrefitte's *The Keys of St. Peter* ruffled a great many people; this will disturb them still more." —RUMER GODDEN in *The Bookman*.

Book Soc. Rec. 18*s*.

Black Midas
JAN CAREW

" This reckless novel [with a West Indian setting] is picaresque in the great English Defoe and Fielding tradition. Either you'll hate *Black Midas* (the tale's not pretty) or you'll find yourself unable to put it down."—ELIZABETH BOWEN in *The Tatler*.

Book Soc. Rec. 16*s*.

The Sweeniad
MYRA BUTTLE

Scathing parody of T. S. Eliot's most famous poetry. " Bravo! "—GRAHAM GREENE. " I have read *The Sweeniad* with delight."—PROFESSOR TREVOR-ROPER. " Some passages seemed to me clever enough to win a smile from *Don Juan* himself . . . ."—F. L. LUCAS (Reader in English, Cambridge University). 12*s*. 6*d*.

Secker & Warburg

Ideal and Reality

The Diaries of Theodor Herzl. Edited and translated by MARTIN LOWENTHAL. *Gollancz*. 42*s*.

The First Ten Years. By WALTER EYTAN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 21*s*.

Journalists rarely make effective politicians. Clemenceau was an exception, but then he was not a very good journalist. A much better example is Theodor Herzl, who achieved astonishing success as both. He came from Budapest, from a well-to-do Jewish family, and made an international name for himself as a playwright and essayist while still in his twenties. In 1889, at the age of 29, he was invited to become Paris Correspondent (then the most coveted post) of the great Viennese liberal daily, the *Neue Freie Presse*, one of the most influential papers of the pre-1914 era ('A pity,' said Pope Leo XIII, 'that the *Neue Freie Presse* is so well done'). Six years later, he suddenly plunged into politics, wrote a world best-seller (*The Jewish State*), and, in less than a decade, changed the fortunes of his race. By 1904, when he died of overwork and a weak heart, he had translated Zionism from a vague ideal into practical politics, given world Jewry a solid political organisation, and persuaded most of the kings and statesmen of Europe to accept, at least in principle, his scheme for the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine. Throughout this time, he not only continued his journalistic work, but recorded his political efforts in a razor-sharp, 1,500-page diary, substantial extracts from which are now at last available in English.

What makes this diary so fascinating is not merely Herzl's journalistic skill, but his essential humility. His main task was to elicit the support of the great and wealthy, from the Rothschilds to the Kaiser, by means of personal interviews, at which his brilliant conversational eloquence could do its work. Despite his growing success, it never failed to astonish him that these powerful men would see him at all: as a result, he describes these interviews with the attention to detail, and the sense of wonder, of a junior reporter on his first major scoop. Von Bulow was like 'an old ex-lieutenant who had resigned his commission early because his gaiters bored him'. Herzl describes the Kaiser's painful efforts to conceal his withered left arm, his furious anger at the Dreyfus accusations ('What kind of people are they? Do they really think I'm such a crazy fellow as to write letters of this sort to every Tom, Dick and Harry?'). Then there was Cromer ('the most unpleasant man I have ever met'), Chamberlain ('a matter-of-fact screw manufacturer who wants to expand the business'), Pius X, 'a simple village priest,' who took snuff, sneezing into a huge red handkerchief, and was visibly annoyed when Herzl made no attempt to kiss his foot. Some of Herzl's best pages are reserved for his description of the crumbling court of the Sultan of Turkey, the cunning, tortuous viziers and dragomen, the myriad officials demanding baksheesh, and the wretched Abdul Hamed himself:

> Small, shabby, with his badly dyed beard touched up once a week for the *selamlik*, the hooked nose of a Punchinello, the long yellow teeth with a big gap to the right in the upper set, the fez pulled low over his bald head, his stuck-out ears serving, as I say to my friends, as a pants protector—to keep the fez from slipping below his waist—the feeble hands in their white, oversize gloves and the loud-coloured cuffs that don't match his suit, the bleating voice, restraint in every word and fear in every glance. And *this* rules!

Herzl, in fact, takes us on a conducted tour among the Top People of Old Europe.

With Walter Eytan we return to the mass-age. Indeed, reading these two books together gives one a painful insight into the central frailty of democracy. Herzl, engaged on launching the Zionist ideal, merely had to convince individuals. Lord Rothschild was weak and timid, the Kaiser vain and tinged with anti-Semitism, Chamberlain unimaginative and ill-informed; but all the men to whom Herzl went to press his case were, to some exent at least, reasonable and open to argument. And, once convinced, they were in a position to take decisions. Eytan, as head of the Israeli Foreign Office, has a much more difficult task. For the men he is called to deal with – Arab delegates, UN spokesmen, weak premiers of unruly democracies – are, irrespective of their own views, prisoners of the public opinion they mirror. Eytan describes, in fascinating detail, the wearisome attempts to negotiate a peace settlement with the Arab states, and through his account runs a sharp feeling of frustration – that an Israeli diplomat, no matter how able and furnished with every argument of reason and logic, cannot operate in the Middle East for the simple reason that he cannot make contact with the Arab masses, from whose ignorance and emotions the fear of Israel springs.

This has led to a twofold tragedy. Israel, as Eytan's book clearly and methodically explains, has survived the military and diplomatic problems of her first decade better than anyone expected. But the cost has been heavy. She has been obliged to conduct her foreign policy mainly on military principles and, even more serious, she has been largely forced to abandon her role as an Asian state, looking instead to the West for arms, trade, alliances and psychology. Secondly, and more subtly, Israel has, despite herself, become a corrupter of the nations: the problem her existence created has, time and again, led governments to sacrifice principles to expediency. As Eytan points out, Nehru's coldness towards Israel is dictated by his 40 million Moslem minority and his anxiety to retain political leadership in Asia. Similar motives govern the attitudes of such countries as Soviet Russia and Indonesia. But if this applies to Israel's diplomatic enemies, it also applies – though Eytan, being a serving diplomat, cannot point this out – to Israel's friends. The Jewish vote in New York State, the Algerian War, these are the factors which have brought Israel the support of America and France. Herzl's ideal of the Jewish state has been translated into reality. But how many other ideals have been destroyed in the process?

PAUL JOHNSON

Prospero in Grub Street

Letters from Hilaire Belloc. Edited by ROBERT SPEAIGHT. *Hollis & Carter*. 30*s*.

Not content with executing a superb life of his hero, Mr Speaight has now produced its ideal counterpart. This selection from Belloc's correspondence – some 300 letters dating from as far back as 1897 on to 1941 and chiefly addressed to his devoted band of women friends (Lady Lovat, Mrs Raymond Asquith, Mrs Reginald Balfour and Lady Juliet Duff) – not only complements the biography and explains much that is puzzling about the man; it also throws an exciting light on the core of his personality.

'Believe me,' he told George Wyndham, 'for I

have no more inner life than a Hippopotamus.' It is a disclaimer that he was concerned to make in all his published prose work. The paradox which these letters disclose is that this statement was quite untrue. Time after time in this book Belloc reveals himself as a man who had pondered deeply over the mysteries of his faith. Our idea of him as the militant old war-horse of the Vatican needs sharp revision. His religion nagged at him like a bad tooth. With all his ugly Maurrassian ravings – about Jewish high finance, the decline of the nation, the consummate evil of riches, the corruption of the House of Commons – there goes the sombre, brooding note of a moralist who has realised that 'we suffer alone nearly always. We all die alone'. 'The things of the spirit,' he tells Mrs Reginald, 'are not intended for the outpost people, and that is what I am.' His sense of belonging to a religious minority forced Belloc to think of himself as a controversial frontiersman, but this correspondence belies him. Some of his insights are indeed extraordinary:

> All day long I have been thinking, or brooding, on what expression of words exactly fixes a reserve which I believe is in your mind and which has often entered mine: I mean the contrast between the present objects and the originals of religion. For instance, between the conventional image and the living thing, now long vanished from the earth: between the saint surrounded with sphere on sphere of cult and homage and ascribed power, with ritual developed and a fixed convention of representation and function—and the man himself: St Dominic sitting in the north gate of the Siguadon as a young man, not very clear what he is about and seeing an odd light on Prouille. Or our Lady wondering at Cana in the whitewashed room of a farmhouse what was really going to happen. Or that more mysterious thing, dimly realisable, the Humanity conscious of the Divinity: a man knowing himself in some way to be God. Or the splendour of fulfilment of later organisation and the original figures of two men, both elderly, one fairly well read but quite lower middle-class, the other unlettered and of the workers, padding along with staves in the dust of the Appian Way and knowing themselves unpopular and likely to be more so, and very uncertain of what was before them and with no conception of its fruit: its world-wide fruit: its transformation of the world.

It is this element of deeply felt personal religion that has struck me most in reading this book, but it is far from the only aspect. Most of Belloc's tang as a writer lies in his combination of melancholy and high spirits. Here they do not so much combine as alternate. Mr Speaight has included reams of golden doggerel spun for Maurice Baring – as also a passage of Ogden Nashish letter addressed to Wyndham. The book is full of jokes and stories; the tale of Clara Butt, Mr Clara Butt and *The Times* music critic on p. 22 is only surpassed by the tale of Maurice Hewlett and Alfred Austin on p. 25. The two met,

> for the first time at dinner just after Maurice Hewlett's second book had been condemned by many for its lubricity. Alfred Austin said to Maurice Hewlett by way of making friends, and nudging him in the ribs with his arm, 'You mustn't mind the way they talk about your book, Mr Hewlett! We Men of Genius have all got a bit of the goat in us!' If you had seen Alfred Austin, the richness of the jest would further appear (*sketch of goat*).

The letter to Ronald Knox, imploring him to 'bear witness', is a noble one. The letter in which he tells his young friend E. S. P. Haynes how to push his new book is in his best Calibanic vein:

> As you know, the only paper I am connected with in that way is the *Speaker* and the *Speaker* is perfectly hopeless. I did a review for them of a book on Westminster Abbey four months ago. It had then been knocking about the office for some time; it was only in this week. It took me a whole morning and I shall be paid 7s. 6d. The *Speaker* is like all things that live on charity while pretending that they don't – it is inefficient. If you could get somebody you know to write a magazine article upon it in one of the monthly Reviews that is, in my experience, the best advertising possible. Short of that, make women talk about it, and next best, ask for it yourself in shops. But remember that by this last method one is sometimes let in, for if they have got it, you've got to buy. . . .

Belloc suffered sorely in middle and later life. The death of his wife, family difficulties, a chronic shortage of ready cash, all acted upon his hugely energetic temperament and caused the wayward anger and exaggeration that marred so much of his later writing and that his critics have dwelt upon so prissily. But to his friends (and to those who are re-discovering him today) he will remain the boisterous young genius of the Ballades and *The Path to Rome*. His last 30 years may have been clouded but, as these letters show, his day-spring was not mishandled.

JOHN RAYMOND

Messrs. John Calder are issuing over here the new series of Evergreen Books published by the Grove Press, New York. The first list of titles includes the Goncourts' *Germinie*, Crashaw's *Verse* (9s. 6d. each), *Selected Letters of Stendhal*, and *Selected Writings of Aphra Behn* (10s. 6d. each) and Frank Norris's novel of Chicago, *The Pit* (12s. 6d.). Reprints of W. P. Ker's essays on medieval literature, *Epic and Romance*, and N. R. Campbell's *Foundations of Science* are being pubished here by Constable, at 16s. and 24s. respectively, for Dover Publications, New York.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN PRESS
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New Novels

An End to Dying. By SAM ASTRACHAN. *Barrie.* 15*s.*

A World of Strangers. By NADINE GORDIMER. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

On the Road. By JACK KEROUAC. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

An Unfinished Novel. By BERNARD SHAW. *Constable.* 35*s.*

One of the vices of the self-conscious literary stylist is over-compression. I can't for the moment think of a single great classic novelist who is inattentive to the need for 'rest periods'; the more crowded a book is with character, narrative and scene, the more urgent the need for those periods of rest during which the reader's thoughts can sort themselves out, take stock of what has gone before, and make preparation for what is to come. The actual concept, of course, is made by hindsight: it is doubtful whether Dickens, Jane Austen, Balzac, Proust, Tolstoi, ever thought about it at all as a matter of technique, but all of them practised it by instinct. The writer who ignores the 'rest period' not only mars his work technically, but falsifies life itself: we do not, even through the crises of our lives, live at a constant pitch. We do not live our minor scenes on the same level as our major ones, nor concentrate our minds to the same degree all of the time.

Mr Sam Astrachan, a young American writer of very pushful promise, has a great deal to learn about this and other questions of technique. His story concerns the survival of a large family of Russian Jews, first in pre-revolutionary Russia and then in the United States. These Kagans, or Cohens, have an almost miraculous resilience: and the theme of *An End to Dying* is, What is there in these Jews which brings them time and time again out of ruin to a full flowering of life?

Mr Astrachan's cast is large. Not a single character is without some sort of shine, some sort of vivacity: yet none is fully realised, since no distinction has been made in intensity of treatment between the most important and the least. Slots of light flash through the denseness of the narrative, then maddeningly flicker out. It is all too much of a vivid blur. He takes his people, and compresses their colours so tightly that they fuse together beyond any hope of sorting out. He is an excellent natural writer, powerful, warm and energetic: and if he can come to realise the disadvantage of writing all the time at the top of his voice, treating major and minor scenes with precisely the same nervous intensity, he may produce a novel of quite exceptional interest.

Miss Nadine Gordimer, more experienced, more technically accomplished than he, has nevertheless much the same fault. It isn't so apparent in her novel, for the simple reason that she has fewer characters to deal with and a more coherent narrative: but her over-compressed style does tend to make the reader feel that, while he may be lost in admiration for one page, he has no particular impulse to go on to the next. *A World of Strangers* is about the practical and moral problem of remaining 'uncommitted' in a world which, by its pressures, seems more and more to demand committal. The scene is Johannesburg, the hero (perhaps, in Mr O'Faolain's sense the anti-hero) is an Englishman determined to preserve himself for private relations. He is drawn into two very different circles: that of the rich Alexanders, which is the society of his rootless and aimless mistress, Cecil Rowe; and the circle where black men and white men meet freely. In this last ambience he meets a coloured man who feels exactly as he does – he is tired of 'yap yap' over injustices: but then he also meets Anna Louw, an Afrikaner whose whole life is one of commitment. How these forces work together upon him is explored with great intellectual dexterity: this should be a far more impressive book than it is. But Miss Gordimer's writing, in itself most distinguished, does not conceal the fact that her work is somewhat lacking in real inner power. The characters are well enough drawn; yet not one of them has the stature which propels a novelist's creation into an area of the reader's own experience.

Mr Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* was being much talked about when I was in America recently. It is a novel of the 'Beat Generation'. This is the term applied to young people who are apparently dead beat or beat up, and who live a peripatetic existence all over the US, thumbing lifts, stealing cars, going in for petty larceny, drugs, drink, jazz, sex and poetry. I was told that the word 'beat' also bears some relation to the first two syllables of the word 'beatitudes'. Me, I don't see it. I was, I admit, reminded of a line in a splendid song from *West Side Story* called 'Officer Krumky, I've done it again', in which the juvenile delinquent tearfully assures the welfare officer that 'we're really a source of untapped good'; and I feel, owing to a certain soppiness that comes over the narrator in the presence of certain young women, that a sort of virtue may be implied.

There isn't a story: it is simply an account of Sal Paradise's meanderings round the US with his friend Dean Moriarty, who is regarded by Sal and by the other characters in a fabulous light, perhaps as a sort of beat Saga-man. The prose is highly compressed, and the frequent attempt at rhythmic passages, possibly inspired by jazz, demonstrates that the writer hasn't much of an ear. The last sentence is just like Thomas Wolfe, but nothing else is: I can only conclude that reviewers who made the comparison must have read nothing but that. There is a tiresome emphasis on crazy mixeduppedness, which is, of course, a state of mind interesting only to those who proudly believe themselves to be in that condition; I had an impression, while reading, that if I were given threepence for each time the words 'crazy' or 'mad' actually occurred, I would have saved up enough money by the end to buy myself an LP record of the latest and coolest favourite going. Occasionally a felicitous phrase sparks up from this bombinating travelogue to make the reader feel that Mr Kerouac may have something: but if he has, he should stop making all that noise and show us what it is. The trouble with this kind of writing is that, despite its appearance of honest and manly *je m'en foutisme*, it is quite absurdly affected.

If Bernard Shaw had finished his *Unfinished Novel*, which he began in 1887, I should have found it hard this week to talk about much else. It was his sixth novel, and as he never got beyond 30 or so pages, he must have regarded it as a boss shot: I don't. I find it a delightful and tantalising period piece, and it maddens me to think that I shall never really know what happened to the apprentice-educated doctor, who is a pompous petty knave, his tart young qualified assistant brought in to sign the medical certificates and his enchanting, huffy, cup-throwing wife, prototype of all Shaw's Big Teases. Of course, one does know the outlines of the plot from his own preface written 61 years later:

> In the following fragment the convention of George Eliot's supremely famous novel *Middlemarch* still prevails: the lover is the hero and the husband only the wife's mistake.

Still, it is hard not to know all the things that happened before the simple truth dawned upon the three of them; Shaw stopped too soon.

Technically, no novel could open more trimly, with more poise or dash. No character is conceived in depth, yet every one snaps up like a jack-in-a-box from the pages, pretty well catching the reader on the point of the chin. Mr Stanley Weintraub's introduction is excellently done, making a book, and a fascinating one, out of something which could only have been a pamphlet without it.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

The Unkind Art

English Satire. By JAMES SUTHERLAND. *Cambridge.* 18s. 6d.

Joseph Warton, talking Romanticism in the deep middle of the eighteenth century, said that 'wit and satire are transitory and perishable, but nature and passion are eternal'. Professor Sutherland, talking Augustanism in his 1956 Clark Lectures, began by warning his Cambridge audience that 'a good deal of the old Romantic prejudice against satire still remains'. He goes on to define his subject, distinguishing satire and comedy on the ground that the satirist wants to make his readers take sides for or against existing people, ideas or institutions, whereas the writer of comedy is content to enjoy humanity. Thus Jonson's comedies are satirical, but Shakespeare's, on the whole, are comic: Shakespeare is 'a sort of human bird-watcher'; he 'withholds his moral judgment' and allows people like Falstaff 'to flower into the perfection of irresponsibility'.

These preliminaries disposed of, Professor Sutherland proceeds on a pleasant and dignified hitch-hike through English satire, pausing longest in the eighteenth century where his own sympathies and scholarship chiefly belong. Of course, the best satire belongs there, too, and the result is a rewarding discussion of Swift and Pope, and a perceptive account of the way Cowper and Gay were sometimes drawn into satire against the grain of their individual talents, because this had now become the dominant literary mode.

The trouble with the book of the lectures – the reason why it is a bit of a false alarm – is that satire is only intermittently a real subject. Even the initial attempt to establish satire's independence of comedy seems unsuccessful in that a satirist may have no wish to influence anybody. He may feel as a child feels who kicks over a stranger's sandcastle on a deserted beach. Destroying is fun, and I do not see how Professor Sutherland squares the argument of this first chapter with his later quotation from Swift, to the effect that one good reason for indulging in satire is 'the private satisfaction and pleasure of the writer'.

So satire is often another name for unkind comedy, and its Romantic enemies, taking the word in a wider sense than Professor Sutherland, thought more about destruction than persuasion. They were often silly and sanctimonious, but they had the insight to realise that the anger of the biggest writers is strangely undestroying: the grass of life grows all the greener under it. Certainly you elevate satire by emphasising the wish to persuade, but this fails to overset the truth that great works of literature do not act persuasively, but by transforming sensibility.

A sad consequence of all this naming and defining is that Professor Sutherland often feels bound to guillotine a discussion at the point where it grows interesting. The chapter on the novel is full of bright beginnings. About Jane Austen, for example, he says very justly that 'what may seem satirical is often no more than her habitually precise discrimination'. We want more of that, and if Jane Austen's work is only incidentally satirical, then to hell with satire.

JOHN JONES

Week-end Competition

No. 1473 **Set by J. B. Roderic**

While the self-congratulatory reminiscences of last-war combatants continue to pour from the press, there have been all too few personal chronicles from the home front. Competitors are invited to submit a key passage (limit, 150 words) for a book with some such title as: *Sweet Points!*; *Prosing and Pamphleteering*; *I Controlled Margarine*; *I had Extra Petrol*; *I was a Billeting Officer* (*or Food Snooper*, or *Army Caterer*); *I Didn't Get a Knighthood.* Entries by 3 June.

Result of No. 1,470 **Set by L. Clarendon**

Workers who have to sell their homes and buy new ones to move to fresh jobs are to get larger Government grants. Competitors are asked to comment in not more than 12 lines of verse after Wordsworth (' I travelled among unknown men '); Goldsmith (*The Traveller*); Byron (' So we'll go no more a-roving '); R. L. Stevenson (' Home no more home to me, whither shall I wander '): or Eliot (*East Coker:* ' Home is where one starts from ').

Report

There was little of adventurous expectation: regret for the old home, regret that even grants cannot assuage – that was the mood. It was fittingly expressed by Stephen J. Sedley, whose worker would not budge

> Though the jobs be still forthcoming
> And the grants be twice as fat –

and echoed by Sheila M. Brooks's Eliot:

> . . . a grant will not give us
> A sense of belonging. In our gain is our bereaving.

To these and to Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, to G. J. Blundell, J. R. Till, H. Hardman, and Allan M. Laing, commendations. Two guineas to Hilary: and a guinea for each of the others printed.

ELIOT

Home is where one starts from, and every removal
Is a fresh beginning, a different kind of failure
To re-impose old patterns of behaviour. In the old days,
In the old house, there was a place for paper
Used only on one side, and a place for string,
And a place for pins. But one has learnt where to put them
Now only, when one no longer has anywhere to put them.
Must we go by the way of dispossession
To arrive where we have no particular wish to be?
Ridiculous the waste of time regaining one's sense of belonging,
And even the government grant cannot dry the tears
Of the displaced children deprived of their secret garden.

'HILARY'

BYRON

So, we're soon to be a-moving
So far into the blue,
Though this house needs no improving,
And its walls are sound and true.

For the gain outweighs the loss,
And the new outlives the old,
And the heart forgets its cross,
And grief at last grows cold.

Though these sentiments need proving,
And I fear they are but cant,
Yet we're soon to be a-moving
By the grace of a grant.

BARBARA ROE

STEVENSON

We'll have a House now – better than a prefab.
Ma gets her suite – (not never-never stuff) –
Cream fittings maybe, steel sink, fridge an' cooker,
We'll sit round the Telly, an' there'll be room enough.
But what about the neighbours – will they act friendly,
Watch out for Grannie, take in clo'es an' all?
When Tom has his skifflers, or Budgie wakes too early,
Will they let be, or keep knocking on the wall?
Spring will come soon now – who'll dig the allotment?
Home won't be home to me without the railway dirt.
I'll miss the brew'ry smell. Some chap in *my* corner
Will do the Pools at tea-time, sitting in his shirt.

P. M.

GOLDSMITH

The labouring man, redundant, now must change
His toil, and seek a spot remote and strange.
The Government assists him with a grant
Wherewith to buy a home, nor shelter want.
Heavens! Must he dwell on this raw new estate
Full five miles distant from the Factory gate?
His wife, unfriended, solitary, slow
To learn fresh ways, assumes a mien of woe,
Deprived of launderette, of fish and chips,
Yet no complaint escapes her loyal lips.
His children, to the urban manner born,
With pert grimace their rustic playmates scorn. . . .

ALBERICK

WORDSWORTH

I travelled among unknown men,
Part of the overflow
That left behind the mighty Wen
Doc Johnson cherished so.

To Harlow New Town I kept on,
New bench and unknown boss;
To Stevenage and Basildon,
At no financial loss.

For labour that is mobile gets
Enhanced disturbance rates;
My reaccommodation debts
Become, in turn, the State's.

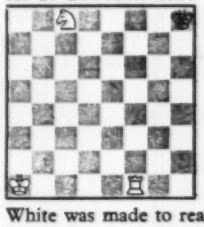
D. R. PEDDY

The Chess Board

No. 445. The Pentecost Rule

Just as invariable as the fifty days dividing Easter and Whitsun and just as firmly established is the rule providing for a game to be declared a draw if in the course of fifty consecutive moves no material or structural change of the position, such as a capture or a pawn-move has occurred. A wise rule directed against aimless " woodshifting." **A** is a case in point. Having already wasted 44 moves aimlessly chasing the King,

A: O. Gallischek 1957

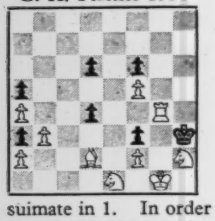


B: S. Schuster 1910

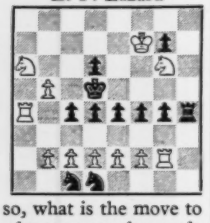
White was made to realise that he could not possibly force the mate in the remaining six moves, and reluctantly he conceded the draw. He could have won the game, though, without infringing a F.I.D.E. rule. How and why? While 5 ladder-points for this may be the fair rate for the job, 6 for **B** would seem to be outrageously over-rated but for my fear that any law-abiding chessplayer would want some special induce-

ment even to look at so shockingly irregular a thing. This piece, I am sorry to say, violates some of our fundamental rules and regulations. White has asked for permission to take back his last move so as to make another one which will force Black to mate him forthwith. In other words, White wishes to force a

C: H. Fischer 1904

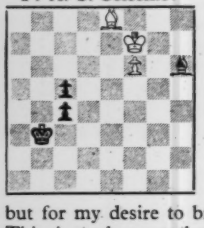


E: F. Lazard



suimate in 1. In order to do so, what is the move to be taken back? And what is the move to be made instead of it? After so much lawlessness a very proper suimate such as **C** may be a relief. White is to force Black to mate him in 8 moves. Even a new addict to suimates will find this one not nearly as difficult as it may look; and he'll find it a veritable bargain for 7 points with my helpful hint that in the final position the B and Kt in the centre will have changed places. **D** will produce an easy 8 points, and I can save the space of a diagram too. Just put a B on h8 and work out the minimum number of moves required by that fleetfooted cleric to touch every one of his 32 squares at least once. And do indicate this itinerary, please.

F: A. S. Selesniev



To offer 9 points for **E** may well seem too generous even when allowing for the inflationary tendency of holiday week-ends, for I am confident that almost every competitor will take this in his stride, not to say *en passant*. It's a mate in 6. As for the 10 points for **F**, such excessive bounty would be inexcusable but for my desire to bring the grand total up to 45. This is a draw, and competitors looking for some seasonal connotation will merely have to think of the maypole and the merry-go-rounds so popular on Whitsun fairgrounds. Usual prizes. Entries by 2 June.

REPORT on No. 442. Set 3 May

A: (1) K-R7!, P-R5; (2) K-Kt6, P-R6; (3) K-Kt5, P-R7, (4) K-Kt4, P=Q; (5) K-Kt3! and wins because the P blocks the Q's chance of controlling a1.

B: (1) R-K8 ch!, B x R; (2) Kt-K7 ch, K any; (3) Kt-Kt6 ch etc. But (1) R x P? refuted by . . . P-R3 ch!.

C: (1) K-Kt4, Kt-Q5; (2) K-B3, B-K7; (3) B x B, Kt x B ch; (4) K-Q3!, Kt-Kt6; (5) R-B3, Kt-R4 (best); (6) R-B5 and either mates or wins the Kt.

Quite a few stumped by **C**. Prizes: D. J. F. Ewing, M. P. Furmston, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft, M. B. Yeats. ASSIAC

Company Meeting

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RECORD TOTAL INCOME

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The Eighty-ninth Annual General Meeting of London and Manchester Assurance Company Limited was held on May 14 at the chief office, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

The RT. HON. LORD GRANTCHESTER, O.B.E., chairman of the company, who presided, announced that for the first time the total assets exceed £60m. For the first time the total income exceeds £10m.

PENSIONS

Lord Granchester went on to say:

We consider that any State pension scheme should be limited to provision against basic needs. Nothing could be more harmful to the character than to create the impression that it was no longer necessary for the individual to think about his future or to make provision for his future. This is not solely a matter of destroying initiative. To provide for pensions by a State scheme above basic needs would add greatly to the obligations of the citizen to the State. The sum of such obligations for State benefits in infancy, in childhood, in education, and in the health and other welfare services is already substantial and will increase steeply as more of the elderly in our aging population claim old-age pensions at even the present level.

Nor would we approve of any State scheme providing more than basic needs even if there were provision for opting out which is probably not feasible anyway. We cannot agree that citizens elect a Government to compete with them in their businesses. Rather is it a duty of Government to protect its citizens in the carrying on of their legitimate business, to hold the balance fairly between competing citizens and to provide a sound currency and stable conditions in which they can prosper.

Of recent years more and more progressive employers have been directing their efforts toward the provision of pension schemes for their employees. In a comparatively short period more than a third of the employed population of both sexes have been provided for under such schemes. This proportion could I think be materially increased if the Government would simplify the conditions and perhaps extend the scope for getting approval under the appropriate legislation. If current schemes do not conform in all details to present Government thinking on the subject it will be no difficult matter to secure by legislation or through administrative practice any modifications desired by the Government as for instance to provide for transferability of pension rights if this is thought to be a desirable condition of service in a particular industry.

I would suggest that the most suitable type of policy for those who are not covered by a pension scheme, such as the employees of small firms and workers who frequently change their employer, is an individual policy, individually owned, providing for an annuity at a given age to which the employer can contribute. I should have thought that automatic approval could be given by the revenue authorities for the issue of suitable policies.

TAXATION AND SAVINGS

We welcome the action taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget in respect of profits tax as a move towards greater flexibility in investment. It is important that there should be the largest possible reservoir of money available for investment in the hands of the widest number of thrifty people. To obtain this there must not be discrimination against profits distributed.

The savings out of income of the thrifty help to raise further the level of this reservoir. I think it important to stress that taxation is not just an instrument for restricting purchasing power. Taxation is an imposition which has to be justified by necessity. It is one of the most important factors in the depletion of private savings. This country is still the most heavily taxed in the world. Who would have anticipated that 12 years after the successful termination of the war, there would be still a rate of tax exceeding 50 per cent. levied on the profits of industry, and taxation rising steeply to much more than half the earnings of the most responsible men in industry and administration?

It is no wonder that the demand for investment which can only come out of savings exceeds the supply. If we are to have a growing and expanding economy, the supply of savings must be increased, and an essential condition is the reduction of taxation.

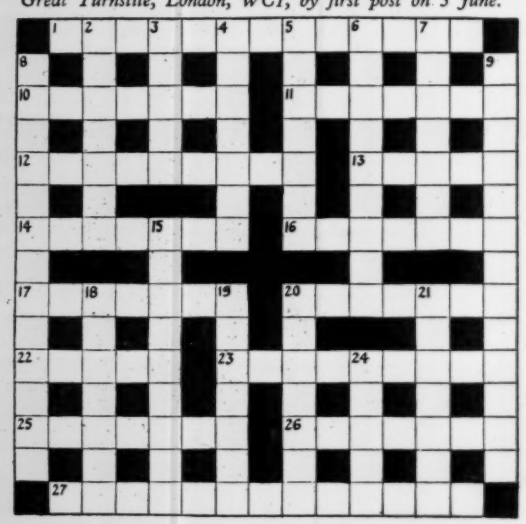
I would add another necessary condition: a sense of security for the investor who has stinted himself to save. The investor can judge or make some attempt to appraise the ordinary hazards of commerce, but he cannot be expected to view with equanimity the vagaries of unpredictable intervention, expropriation or other confiscatory acts of Governments, or even the threats of such action. In such an atmosphere savings will vanish.

Without sincere co-operation between all concerned there will not be a flow of savings to the less developed areas of the world and an improvement in the standards of living of millions of people.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Week-end Crossword 304

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 304, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 3 June.



ACROSS

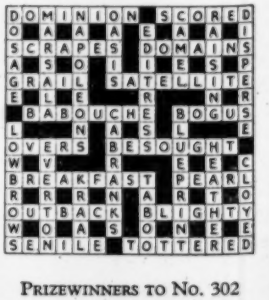
1. Is the East, in old-fashioned surroundings, lacking a sense of direction? (13).
10. It would be a cause of great happiness to be born this female novelist (7).
11. Cheshire town which has a crop of good scores? (7).
12. Language which includes a translation for parents (9).
13. How to make mates go to sea (5).
14. '—— worshipped registration; Taper adored a cry' (Disraeli) (7).
16. The second colour edition is limited (7).
17. Patent skill in the river (7).
20. If the radio were removed the bagpipe would be silent (7).
22. These people give one a nice change (5).
23 I am after labour in the country for Australians (9).
25 Show up brightly in the inside information about the catalogue (7).
26. Shaking Tom with lore perhaps (7).
27. Newspaper contributor has a variety of reports conned (13).

DOWN

2. Weak but there is a little taste in the centre (7).
3. Ho! this tree would do for Indiana (5).
4. Naive young lady who has the information at heart (7).
5. Agitated because we appear below the name of a comedian (7).
6. Pardons the dress-designer about the place for birds (9).
7. Eating away like an oriental animal (7).
8. Female intellectuals put a bed up to keep Cambridge men away from their College (13).
9. One crazy interpretation after an instance of unfavourable criticism (13).
15. Tradesman is not batting with tradesman (9).
18. Name or image incognito (7).
19. Turns again for a victory among the revolutionaries (7).
20. Half-caste who finishes up as a total mixture (7).
21. Hat as it appears in electric or neon lighting (7).
24. People come in time to make an improvement (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 302


DOMINION SCORED
O A A A E A A I
SCRAPES DOMAINS
A S O I I E S P
GRAIL SATELLITE
E L E R N R
BABOUCHE BOGUS
L N A S L E
OVERS BESOUGHT
W V R E E C
BREAKFAST PEARL
R R R N A R T O
OUTBACK BLIGHTY
W O A S O N E E
SENILE TOTTERED

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 302

L. V. Stanhope (Edale, Derby), M. M. Fox (London, SW10), D. P. Martindale (Shaftesbury)

City Lights

Auri Sacra Fames

A gold-hoarding peasant has been worth at least two Zürich bankers since the Americans wished themselves into a recession and recently, inflamed with hope that the US Treasury may raise its buying price for gold, the peasants have led the world in a merry little flight from the dollar. This is much too good a thing for the City to waste. American financial institutions, the story goes, are preparing to profit from a change in the gold price by investing heavily in South African gold shares; gold shares this week are doing very nicely indeed.

Meanwhile Sir Robert Hall and Sir Leslie Rowan, the discreetest of the Treasury's thousand-and-one knights, have slipped off to Washington for the second time this year – this time to prepare what ground they can for Mr Macmillan's trip at the beginning of next month. The government has been hinting to the Americans for some time that they should encourage Western co-operation by dropping their tariffs and underwriting the pound sterling, but the Americans have until now been too busy with their own problems and squabbles to pay much attention to the hints of their poor relations. Mr Macmillan no doubt supposes that the personal touch will work wonders. Perhaps, with General De Gaulle in the background, it will.

* * *

Foreign firms are making the expected fuss about the Finance Bill: some 60 firms, led by Ford and not including Vauxhall, have complained to the Treasury about the profits tax proposals. Until now these firms, though subject to the usual 3 per cent. tax on undistributed profits, have been exempt from the 27 per cent. tax on dividends distributed to the overseas parent company. From now onwards they are to be liable to the same flat 10 per cent. tax as their British competitors. It is a little unfortunate that the Board of Trade should have issued a booklet last year, called *Make It In Britain*, which endeavoured to lure overseas firms here by pointing, among other things, to the profits tax advantage they would enjoy.

The Finance Bill is in its Committee Stage and Mr Wilson will surely find less academic targets than dividend stripping to attack. The most obvious, perhaps, is the sale of assets to a 'shell' company in exchange for redeemable debenture stock. This week, for example, it was announced that the Yang-Tse Corporation, a former mining company which had not been quoted for some time, had recently re-acquired its quotation a week before acquiring the capital of the Doseley Pipe company. Yang-Tse paid £300,000 for the net assets of Doseley (valued in the books at £29,000), £255,700 of it by the issue of unsecured loan stock redeemable within 20 years 'as and when funds permit'. Whatever the facts in this particular case, this type of transaction has become an extremely popular method of avoiding surtax: it enables the proprietors of a private company to convert future income into capital without losing control of the business. The Inland Revenue is remarkably tolerant of it.

The Treasury, too, is still remarkably tolerant of companies who forget to ask permission to raise new capital. The method which has now become standard is to acquire the capital of a company whose main asset is cash in exchange for shares which can be re-sold to the public.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

SIR ALEXANDER FLECK ON LONG-TERM POLICY OF EXPANSION

The 31st annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited was held on 15 May in London.

Sir Alexander Fleck, K.B.E., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. (the Chairman) presided and, in the course of his speech, said:

Group sales to external customers have risen from £435 millions in 1956 to £463 millions in 1957. There is a steady change in the pattern of our operations, and a larger proportion of our turnover and profit comes from new products. Products which were not manufactured before the war accounted for a quarter of our home sales and a third of our export sales. We have reason to hope that this trend of increasing turnover and increasing profit from new products will continue. At the same time much expenditure has been incurred in extending, modernizing and improving the plants which manufacture our more traditional products, and the drive for improved efficiency goes on all the time.

Commenting on the table in the Annual Report which showed for the past ten years the gross Ordinary dividend as a percentage of the capital and reserves belonging to the Ordinary Stockholders, Sir Alexander said: This percentage has varied from 3.4 to 5.8 per cent., the figure for 1957 being about 5 per cent. Your Directors do not regard this return as excessive; indeed in the long-term interests of the Company as a manufacturing organization, as well as that of individual Stockholders, our efforts must be not merely to maintain this percentage but to increase it.

After referring to the approved scrip issue of one new Ordinary Share of £1 each for every £2 of Ordinary Stock held, Sir Alexander reviewed at length the altered basis of the Employees' Profit-Sharing Scheme necessitated by the alteration of the Company's capital structure, and said: I think you will agree that the new arrangement represents a better basis both from the stockholders' and from the employees' points of view.

We have come to the conclusion that the time has arrived for a fresh revaluation of our manufacturing assets, because there has been considerable further inflation since 1950. This revaluation has now been made as at 1 January 1958, and will be incorporated in the Accounts for 1958.

FUTURE PROSPECTS AND PLANS

For the first few months of this year we have had to face, in the home market, the results of the high Bank Rate and the credit squeeze. Our sales to some industries have been reduced as a result of the difficulties they have been facing, but in other cases demand has held up well, and for the first few months of 1958 home sales turnover has not been unsatisfactory.

So far as exports are concerned, conditions in the same period have become considerably more difficult, partly as the result of the tightening of import restrictions, but despite this, sales are running reasonably close to last year's.

It is more than usually difficult for me to give an indication of how the current year as a whole will turn out. A major uncertainty lies in the forecast of American conditions, which affect both out export and, to some extent, our home trade. That there is a serious recession in the United States cannot be doubted. Average unemployment in Britain is at present only 2 per cent., whereas it is as much as 7 per cent. in the United States. We are experiencing signs of weakening demand in some of our overseas markets and also in some sections of our home market.

Your directors remain confident in the long-term future of the business. If the demand for some of our products appears to weaken or fails to rise in accordance with our expectations, we shall not be deterred from carrying out our long-term policy of expansion. We shall continue to spend capital on the erection of new plants, or on the extension of existing plants, not with an eye on the demand in the next few months but rather with a faith in the long-term trend of demand for our products. In this way, we believe that we shall serve not only the interests of our customers, our Stockholders and our employees, but also the interests of the country as a whole, as our capital expenditure will make a modest, but significant, contribution to the stability of demand for the products of other British industries.

The report was adopted.

"SHELL" Transport and Trading

FURTHER EXPANSION EXPECTED

The annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., was held on 20 May in London.

The Right Hon. Lord Godber, chairman, in the course of his speech, said:—

In the Annual Report, which has been sent to each shareholder, I gave a brief description of conditions in the oil industry today. In the short time which has elapsed since the preparation of my Statement there is little which could have occurred to bring about any fundamental change of outlook. The key factor in the situation is the recession in the United States. It has already gone slightly deeper than either the two previous ones through which the United States has passed since the war, and this fact itself, together with other portents, may possibly encourage the view that we may soon see a modest recovery. I say 'may' because you will realise that it is impossible in conditions as they exist to be exact.

So far as our industry is concerned, the stock position in the U.S.A. is better, owing to much-reduced refinery runs and to severe curtailment of production of crude oil, which in the Texas fields has been reduced to eight days a month—the lowest ever recorded. In the world outside the United States records of the year so far available suggest that as a whole consumption is being maintained, but without the full impetus to expansion which previous years' experience had let us to expect. Within the whole field, of course, some parts of the business have slackened and others have improved. Consumption of bunkers by shipping, for instance, is much lower, because of reduced activity in this sphere; consumption of gasoline and gas oil, on the other hand, still retains much of the characteristic buoyancy of previous years.

A TEMPORARY SITUATION

Historically, recessions have not had the same impact, except in certain limited fields, on the levels of oil consumption as they have had on the demand for other commodities in general. So far as we are concerned, as I have already mentioned in my Statement, on this occasion I see no reason to expect more than a pause in the upward trend of expansion. In this connection I draw your attention to the five-year table of financial and operational statistics published for the first time in this year's Annual Report. These I believe to be more indicative of the longer-term upward trends, the present situation being relatively temporary. From these tables you will see that between 1953 and 1957 the Group's sales proceeds rose more than 50 per cent, and its net income over 60 per cent. These financial results reflect the substantial rise in the volume of our production and sales of oil and its products over the same period.

The new funds recently raised by the two parent companies of the Group, although small in relation to its capital expenditure requirements, will also assist us to face the future with confidence. The strong financial position which the Group now has means that it can steadily pursue its long-term plans for the development of its facilities. When the upward trend of consumption is resumed and the current surpluses of supply and of manufacturing and transportation capacity are absorbed, we will then be in a position with such facilities to take full advantage of all opportunities for expansion which arise.

THE CURRENT YEAR

It is still a little too soon to say what the financial picture for the first quarter will be, since this meeting is now taking place some 10 days earlier than last year, and consequently the Royal Dutch/Shell Group's first quarter's results are not yet quite ready. They will be published on the 29th of this month. They cannot be expected to match our exceptionally good earnings of the same period last year, when you will remember that, largely owing to a material increase in our companies' production of crude oil in the Western Hemisphere, the Group's results were very good indeed. Viewed in the light of the position two years ago, however, and in relation to existing economic conditions, I believe that the picture will prove to be reasonably satisfactory.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and a final dividend of 2s 9d per share, on £1 Unit of Stock, free of income tax, on the Ordinary Capital was approved.

The retiring directors, Mr. J. B. Aug. Kessler C.B.E., the Hon. Peter Samuel, M.C., T.D., and Sir Archibald F. Forbes, G.B.E., were re-elected, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors, proposed by Lord Ismay

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM
KING'S COLLEGE,
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

The Council of King's College invite applications for the following staff appointments in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies:—

(a) For Literature. Additional qualifications—Appreciation of Art.
(b) For Biology/Botany, or Geology/Geography.

A good honours degree is essential. Commencing salary at an appropriate point on the scale £900×£50—£1,350 with superannuation under FSSU. Closing date for application 7 June 1958. Further particulars and forms of applications may be obtained from the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowen House, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne 1.

G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College

YOUNG EXECUTIVE

FOREIGN TOURS ORGANISERS in London offer an interesting appointment to University Graduate.

Applican: should have at least two years' sound commercial experience. He should have a fairly good knowledge of French and German.

The position offers scope, responsibility and good prospects to a man with initiative, drive and real enthusiasm, ready to work hard with an expanding travel organisation.

A good salary will be paid and there is a pension scheme.

Write giving full details of education, experience and present salary to Box 592.

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR

RAPIDLY EXPANDING LONDON FIRM with excellent export marketing organisation offers

TECHNICAL DIRECTORSHIP AND PARTNERSHIP to Electronic Engineer of outstanding ability with fully developed electronic equipment possessing good market prospects in the Industrial, Communications, Radio Broadcast or Nucleonic fields.

Please apply in strict confidence to Box 676.

PERSONNEL OFFICER

required by old-established Engineering company.

The appointment is in Leeds but the post will carry some responsibility for other Depots in the North of England.

Applicants, who will be required to work mainly on their own, should have some experience of personnel work and preference will be given to graduates or those with I.P.M training. Write, giving details of age, experience, present salary, to Box 611.

WOMAN Social Worker required at H.M. Detention Centre, Campsfield House, Kidlington, nr Oxford. Age at least 30 on 1 April 1958. The candidate appointed will be responsible to the Warden. The work will consist of interviewing the boys (ages 14-17), seeing visitors and visiting the boys' homes. Co-operation in the arrangements for the general welfare and after-care of boys is also necessary. The post is experimental but may become permanent. It calls for an active person prepared to devote herself wholeheartedly to difficult reformative work. Experience of social work is essential and the possession of a degree or diploma in social science would be an advantage. Salary scale £531-£744. The scale is being improved to reach equality with the men's by 1961 (men's maximum £770). Accommodation not provided. Further particulars and application form from Establishment Officer (E.99/6/14), Prison Commission, Room 204, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, London, SW1, returnable by 6 June 1958.

ASSISTANT to the Secretary. The London Labour Party invites applications for the post of Assistant to the Secretary (Male). Applicants must be members of the Labour Party with knowledge of the constitution. Experience essential in the keeping of accounts, office organisation, correspondence and the drafting of minutes and reports. Apply by letter only with recent testimonials or references to Sec., London Labour Party, 258/262 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUNG man preferably with scientific/technical training required as Assistant Editor. Duties will include handling of series of tests of consumer goods and rewriting reports for publication in 'Which?' Starting salary around £850. Apply: Director, Assn for Consumer Research, Ltd, 7 Great James Street, London, WC1.

MADRID—Mangold Institute, Spain's leading language centre, requires for Sept./Oct. 1958, teachers of English with knowledge of Spanish. Minimum age 25; teaching experience essential.

ST MARY'S Hospital, Paddington, W2. Part-time Clerk/Typist required in the Chemical Pathology Laboratory for duty each afternoon and alternate Saturday mornings. Shorthand an advantage. Salary for 22-hour week £227 per annum at age 26 and over. Apply in writing, giving age, experience and the names of two referees, to Alan Powditch, House Governor.

CLERK/Receptionist for holiday relief duties June to September. Clerical experience essential. Salary £382 to £458 p.a. Hours 9-5.30 p.m. Monday to Friday and alternate Saturday mornings. Apply in writing to J. R. Tayler, Secretary to the Board, Eastman Dental Hospital, Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

WELL-educated assistant (female), 18-25, required for Economic and Research Department in offices of large Trade Union near Waterloo Station. Shorthand-typing essential. Good salary and conditions. Five-day week. Staff Canteen and Superannuation. Please reply in writing to the Secretary, National Union of Mineworkers, 5 Westminster Bridge Rd, London, SE1.

MALE Clerk (Adult) for general clerical duties in Education Department of large organisation in Westminster District. Knowledge of simple filing systems and ability to type desirable. Varied work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 636.

LEADING West End Gallery require young ambitious gentleman under 25, well educated, knowledge French, with genuine interest in art—eager to learn and lend a hand for anything. Good future for right man. Permanent position. Box 651.

SECRETARY/Assistant reqd by London publishing house. Knowl. of the theatre and some exper. in control and licensing of plays desirable though not essen. Box 668.

LARGE book publishing firm in West End requires young secretary shorthand typist in European Section of Sales Department. Good education essential: knowledge of French or German an advantage. Five-day week, canteen on premises. Salary £375 per annum to £425 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Write Box 615.

WEST End publisher requires a secretary shorthand-typist for Company secretary. Five-day week, canteen on premises, pension scheme. Salary £500 to £550 per annum according to age and experience. Write giving qualifications to Box 614.

SECRETARY to Director (export branch of electronic firm) reqd W1. Good education, sh.-typing & organising ability essential. Age 25-35. Spanish an asset. Holiday arrangements respected. Interesting work, good salary & prospects to fully experienced & capable person. Details of education, training & exper. in own handwriting to Box 675.

PERSONAL Asst./Secretary, 22/30, for prof. firm. Salary £550/£700. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUNter 0676.

UNIVERSITY graduate/student wanted for 1-2 months to assist in simple statistical analysis of interviews from a sociological research project. Residence Slough-Maidenhead area an asset. Phone Maidenhead 2898.

APOLLO Agency invites inquiries from top quality secretarial and general office staff. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADVERTISER with varied interests and aptitudes and British and foreign journalistic experience shortly retiring from commercial post in cotton but unwilling to potter uselessly after responsible administrative career recognised by award of O.B.E., seeks appointment adapted to his qualifications yet perhaps insufficiently lucrative or permanent to attract a younger man. Box Z.879, Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool.

PART-time employment, any kind, sought by hons graduate in Physics; 27, male, experience in industry and teaching (Maths, Physics, Music), fluent German, conductor, composer & flautist. London area; start July or later. Box 624.

ENGLISHMAN sks part-time work. Good knowledge music, German, French, Italian, business exp., types, drives. Box 631.

PERFECT Secretary seeks Perfect Boss in 'Appy 'Ampstead, the Perfect Place. Jill Thorne, Windwhistle, Haslingfield, Cambs.

EXP. male sh/typist reqs. evening &/or weekend job. Copy-typing accepted. Will work in office or own home. Box 674.

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I. OF Wight. Dble Bedrm, own Sit., board, mod. thatched Cott. Nr sea/downs. Ideal walkers, artists. Goodwoods, Brighstone.

RENEW Vitality & Charm by Nature Cure. 7-day beauty regime with diets, massage, remedial baths and relaxation in a delightful retreat. Illustrated folder: Vernon Symonds, The Brooklands, Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

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GOODRINGTON Sands, few minutes sea. Coleman, Sea-Joy, Elmsleigh Park, Paignton, Devon. Tel. 58825.

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OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

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HERNE Bay near sea, b/b 4 gns. p.w. No restn. Mary Sen, 140 Grand Drive.

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ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

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CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room, newly decorated house. 2 mins Golders Green Stn. Gas-ring, fire (meter), £2 10s. p.w. Phone not Sat. SPE. 9488. 4 Helenslea Ave., NW11.

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TAKE a pair of sparkling eyes, and a pair of ruby lips—and toast them, in the finest sherry you have ever tasted—Duff Gordon's El Cid. That's the way to find amor.

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PERSONAL

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TWO seats new Ford, French Riviera, leaving end July. Fortnight. Share expenses. BARnet 5109 or Box 697.

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VILLA S. Spain, 2 to join small yng party last f'tnight June, £5 ea. TUD. 2951.

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18 year old daughter of a German publisher in Nuernberg would like to spend a month at the English sea- or countryside to improve her English, as a paying guest or on an exch visit. Dr Hans Wolf, Olympia Verlag, Bad Strasse 4, Nuernberg, Germany.

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2 Eng. ladies interested in Italy req. any reasonable employment there. Box 649.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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PROTRAVEL—The Travel Agency You Can Trust, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

TRAVEL Adviser gives holiday inform., agencies don't; Europe, America; questions. Aptd. 116, Coimbra, Portugal.

CONTINENTAL holidays can be cheap if first you buy 'Europe on Wheels' – the guide for economical motorists and others. 5s. from newsagents and bookshops or 5s. 6d. by post from H. Marshall & Son, Ltd, Temple House, Tallis St, London, EC4.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JOHN. Don't believe what they say about being thirty in 'Seven Ages of Humour', get Punch this week. Anne.

RECIPES for curries – kababs, bhurtas, ballychow and many other dishes providing strange and delicious flavours are to be found in 'Second Book of Curries', Savouries, Sweets and Chutneys, by Harvey Day. Just published by Nicholas Kaye at 6s. net.

'ANONYMOUS Empire,' S. E. Finer's brilliant study of the Lobby in Great Britain. 12s. 6d. Essential for all interested in Government. Pall Mall Press.

ARE you conversant with avant garde literature? Why are the young men angry? Kenneth Allsop's 'The Angry Decade' surveys the cultural revolt of the Fifties, 21s. Essential reading. From bookshops or Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, SW7.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £3 4s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, NS, 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Specimen copy on request.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs Dickin, 10a Hermitage St, Crewkerne, Somerset.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 58a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes' easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

WHO Controls Police? Brooke's Retreat, etc. 'Labour Research' 9d. (11s. p.a.), 2 Soho Sq., W1

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts and intelligent beginners. 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

PURSUED by a Bear.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

'NATURE Cure Investigated.' 6d. from Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

TROTSKYIST views on world events; Soviet Agriculture; Argentine elections; Algeria and the French CP; in the Spring issue of '4th International'. 2s. 5d p.f., 4 issues 8s. from S. S. Bornstein, 21 Sidney St, E1, or International Bookshop, 4 Dane St, Nottingham.

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SCHOOLS

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RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI 3319.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E. Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

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OPERA AND BALLET

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Week 26-31 May

Streatham Hill Theatre

Mon.	Faust
Tue.	Don Giovanni
Wed.	The Barber of Seville
Thu.	The Tales of Hoffmann
Fri.	Carmen
Sat. (Mat.)	The Bartered Bride (New production.)
Sat. (Evg.)	Rigoletto

Evenings 7.30. Sat. Mat. 2.30.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE COVENT GARDEN

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COVENT GARDEN OPERA

26, 28 May at 7.00	Last perfs of Don Carlos (in Italian)
27 May, 7.30	Last perf. of Rigoletto
29, 31 May, 7.30	Last perfs of Electra (in German)

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

3 June at 7.30	Les Sylphides Miracle in the Gorbals Birthday Offering

OPERA Circle. 'A Tale of Two Cities', by Arthur Benjamin, illus. by New Opera Co. soloists, Sun., 1 June, 8 p.m., at 4 St James's Sq., SW1 Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8. Tel. Wes 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues./Fri. Evs 8.0 Sat. Sns. 5, 8. 'Quaint Honour.' Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue, 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4.00. 7th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership, tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 8. S. 5 & 8.15. W. 2.30. 'Flesh to a Tiger'.

TOWER. 7.30. 23, 24 (Mems. 25), 29, 30, 31 May only Odet's 'Winter Journey'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6). Canonbury Pl., N.1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Ganze Macher' ('His Friend at Court'). 'Great wit' (Jewish Chron.). Thurs. to Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres. Yehudi Menuhin). Ustad Vilayat Khan, the great Indian Sitar Player. (a) London Recitals. (1) 27 May, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. (2) 2 June, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq. W1. (3) 12 June, Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3. (4) 18 June, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W1. (b) Recitals in the Provinces. (1) 1 June, Holywell Music Room, Oxford. (2) 5 June, Union Debating Chamber, Cambridge. (3) 6 June, Birmingham & Midland Institute Theatre. Tickets: members 3s., 5s. 6d., 8s. & 12s. 6d.; guests, 4s., 7s., 10s. & 15s. Also at Aldeburgh Festival, Suffolk, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Birmingham University, etc. Tkts & other inf. re. membership, classes in Dancing, Sitar, Tabla, Vina, etc, from the Hon. Sec., AMC. 18 Fitzalan Road London, N3. (FIN. 2934.)

5 June at 8 p.m., Royal Festival Hall. Canford Summer School presents Julian Bream, Gerard Hoffnung, Morley College Symphony Orchestra, Lawrence Leonard. Ov. Roman Carnival, Berlioz; Tuba Concerto, Vaughan Williams; Symphony No. 3, Toch; Guitar Concerto, Castelnuovo-Tedesco; Symphonic Poem Don Juan, Strauss. Tkts: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

ROBERT Schumann Soviety. Concert Sat. 31 May, 7.30 p.m., in the library of Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Sylvia Cleaver (violin), Louise Cootes (piano), Jennifer Ryan (cello), Edward Hain (tenor), Walter Bergmann (piano). Admission 3s., members free.

'LE Fiacre', 'Les Feuilles Mortes' and other popular French songs from Louis XIII to Charles Trenet are included in the 88th Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Saturday, 31 May, at three o'clock. Singers: Denyse Duval and Michel Sénéchal. Prog. presented and accompanied by Georges Van Parys. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 10s. WEL. 2141.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season: Until 25 May: End As A Man (X). From 26 May: Wedding Breakfast (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Today, 24 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 25 May. Sinatra, Novak, Parker, 'Man with the Golden Arm'. F. Sutton. 'Four Boys and a Gun'. X.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions of pictures by Henry Moore, Piper, Matthew Smith, Lowry, &c, mostly 50s. and 7s. 2d. tax. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Asger Jorn: Paintings 1938-1958. Till 31 May. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Paintings by Anil Gamini Jayasuriya, Ceylonese child artist.

PAINTINGS from the Niarchos Collection. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery, Till 29 June. Open Whit Monday. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Manolis Calliyannis Exhibition, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Till 29 May

ROYAL Opera House (Covent Garden). 1858-1958. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 June. Open Whit Monday. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. La Creation de L'Oeuvre Chez Paul Signac. 234 paintings, watercolours, drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

ERNST Fuchs: Paintings, drawings and etchings until June 10. St George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

SLATTER Gallery, 30 Old Bond Street. 1958 Exhibition Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings Morley Bury. 8-31 May.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings of France: Paul Pouchol. Daily 9.30-6. Saturday 9.30-1. 2, Cork Street, W1.

GALLERY One. W1. (GERrard 3529). Kemeny reliefs; Max Chapman pntgs.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Sergio de Castro. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 7 June. 142 New Bond St, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Guggenheim Award 1958: British Section. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Poliakoff—First London Exhibition of Paintings & Gouaches. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 20 June.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Zack, Pharr. Till 7 June. Daily 10-7, including Saturdays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CHRISTIAN ACTION CONFERENCE

Westcott House, Cambridge: Fri. Eve. 13 June to Sun. Eve. 15 June. 'The Challenge of our Times'. Speakers will include: Rev. Mervyn Stockwood; Sir Henry Willink; Mr John Neville; Miss Janet Lacey; Father T. Corbishley; Canon L. John Collins

Special subjects for consideration. Nuclear Weapons, Racialism, Refugees.

Details from The Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4.

UNIVERSITIES & Left Review Club. 'The Thirties': Michael Foot and Philip Toynbee. Wed., 28 May, 7.30 for 8 p.m. Adms. 2s. Mems. 1s. Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2.

ULR International Forum. 'Gomulka—What Next?' Gordin Cruikshank, LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Thurs., 29 May, 1.15. Adm. 1s.

ULR History Group. Dr V. Israelyan (USSR), 'Anglo-Soviet Relations since 1939'. Tues., 27 May, 7.30 p.m. LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1. 1s.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Next Fri. 30 May. Anne Swingler & Louis Watt, 'Future of British Schools'. LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1, 5.30 p.m. Adm. 9d. Members free.

JAYAPRAKASH Narayan is now due to arrive in London on 4 June and will be speaking at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1, on Friday, 6 June, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets (2s. 6d.) from Socialist Union, 447 Strand, WC2. COV. 3341.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Romanesque Wooden Sculpture in Italy' will be delivered by Professor G. de' Francovich (Rome) at 5.30 p.m. on 28 May at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W1. The lecture will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Theory of Oligopoly' will be delivered by Professor W. J. Baumol (Princeton) at 5 p.m. on 29 May at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

'VICTORY for Socialism' and Hampstead CLP Anti H Bomb Meeting, Thursday next, 29 May, 8 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall. K. Zilliacus, MP, Stephen Swingler, MP, Clive Jenkins, David Pitt. Adm. 1s. at door.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. William Cooper: The Provincial Novel. Thursday, 29 May, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

'EDUCATION in China Yesterday and Today', David & Isobel Crook (Pekin Univ.), Wed. 28 May, Hampstead Town Hall, 8 p.m. Chair.; Rev. F. Hankinson. Adm. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 23 May, 8 p.m. Vera Benenson, pianoforte recital: Prokoviev, Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and others. Fri. 30 May, 8 p.m. Camille Honig: 'Pushkin and Mickiewicz'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Tues. 27 May, 8 p.m. Essay on Turgenev by the late A. C. Guershoon-Colin (Read by Matveyev, Wigand, Evans, in Russian).

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Alan Mayne on Science & Economic Planning. Wed. 28, May, 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis 2s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 28 May, 6.30 sharp: 'Buddhism in Burma', Ven. U Thittila. The speaker, an old friend of the Society, is a distinguished Burmese scholar-monk, here on a short visit. To hear him is a great experience. Read 'The Middle Way' for Buddhist news and views, 2s 10d. qtly post free. And don't forget our 7th Annual Summer School, Hoddesdon, 22-29 Aug.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 30 May, 8.30 p.m. Mr. H. J. Fyrth on 'William Morris and Our Time', illus. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 25 May, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m.: H. J. Blackham: 'A Liberal Education'.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 25 May. Ancient versus Modern Thought. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 31 May at 6 p.m. French film: 'The Light across the Street'.

SHAW Society: Gerry Raffles on 'Theatre Workshop & the Censor', 30 May, 7 p.m. 2s. from 45 Steeplestone Close, N18.

'WOMAN'S Problem with Man': Oscar Köllerström. Lecture at Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1, Tues., 27 May, 8.30 p.m. Silver collection.

'YOGA & Health'. Talk by Sri Nandi, 3 p.m.-Sunday 1 June, 2 Glenloch Road, NW3. Classes nightly.

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BUDDHIST Society. Seventh Annual Summer School, High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, 22-29 August. Lectures & Classes by Ven. Pannavaddho Bhikkhu, U Maung Maung Ji, Christmas Humphreys, P. S. Jaini, Dr Jeanne Palmer, P. Mehta, R. Fussell, M. O'C. Walshe. Instruction in Meditation & basic principles of Buddhism, the ancient teaching which appeals to the modern mind. Open to all who seek to find the Cause and Cure of Suffering. Delightful surroundings and stimulating conversation; vegetarian diet for those who wish it. £8 12s. 6d. inclusive. Book now to avoid disappointment (full to capacity last year!). Information 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. TAT. 1313.

REHABILITATION of Disabled. Coach Study Tour Devon and South West 17-25 September organised by Central Council Care Cripples. Inclusive fees 27 gns. Details from Secretary, 34 Eccleston Square, SW1.

WRITE to Arthur Duncan, 6 Endsleigh Street, WC1, if you want to book your place for the ILP week-end 28/29 June, at Woodlands Holiday Camp, nr. Sevenoaks.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. on p. 679

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